CAMBYSES

King of Persia:

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED at the DUKE'S Theater.

The Third Impression Revised by the Author
Elkanah Settle Servant to his Majesty.

Aut Famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
Scriptor —— —— *Hor. de Arte Poet.*

LONDON,

Printed for *William Cademan*, at the *Pope's Head*, in the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1675.

King of Peria:

A

TRAGEDY.

TO THE

Most Excellent, and most illustrious

PRINCESS,

ANNE, Dutchess

OF

MONMOUTH & BUCCLUGH:

Wife to the most illustrious and High-born

Prince, *JAMES*, Duke of

MONMOUTH

May it please your Grace,

Since the great Characters, and Subjects of serious Plays, are representations of the past Glories of the World, the arrogance of an Epistle Dedicatory may pretend to some Justice, in offering the Heroick Stories of past Ages to their Hands who are the Ornaments of the present.--- Once Persia *was the Mistress of the Earth, the Royal Seat of the Monarchs of the universe. Then, as that God, the Sun, which they ador'd, lends his kind Rays to all lesser lights: so all the Tributary Glories of Inferiour Princes shin'd by reflection from the* Persian *Crown. But now that Sovereignty must cease, and the Eastern Monarch* Cambyses *can pretend to no greatness of his own, but comes to borrow Glories from the Western World, in seeking a Patronage from your favourable goodness. The same* Cambyses *whom History has represented to be a Blasphemer of the gods, a Prophaner of Religion, and a Defacer of Temples, is by your power become a Convert, and humbly payes his Devotion to that Divinity, to whose protection he commits himself and Fortune. —— But whilst I thus boldly proceed to Dedicate this trifle to your Grace, I forget to ask pardon for the meanness of the offering, and the confidence of him that offers it; a Crime unpardonable, were not your Mercy as signal as your other Virtues: For when kind Heaven honours the World with some Worthy and illustrious Person, in which Rank your Grace must claim an eminent place; who, besides your*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

late Affinity, are Allied to that Royal Race, to which Engl and owes its three last Monarchs; Heaven, I say, besides the Great Souls, High Spirits, and Noble Thoughts it lends such Persons, endues them too with more Familiar Virtues; as Courtesie, Generosity, and a Condescension to entertain the Addresses of Inferiour Mankind, and to smile on the Endeavours of the meanest of their Subjects, and Admirers. Else they would be forced, like Planets, to move in a Sphear alone; and Greatest Monarchs, should they admit of none below them, would make their Pallaces but solitary Prisons. The assurance therefore of these Virtues, which particularly possess so large a seat in your Heroick Breast, animate me to present this Poem to your Hands, that it may take Sanctuary there, where in its Infancy it received protection. As he that's born under some happy Planet, owes the success of his whole Life to the Predominance of that kinder Star that ruled at his Nativity: The Entertainment you gave it in loose sheets, when it first saw light, encourages me to this presumption, now in its riper growth, to devote it wholly to your Self, and under that Title to stile it happy: Since thus Guarded, I dare expose it to the World; and stand in less awe of Censures, when your Influence protects it. For, as that timorous Pilot, in a Storm, was Condemn'd for fearing Shipwrack when his Vessel carried Cæsar; this Poem can fear no dangers when it carries your Name for its Defence. But besides the fortunate and glorious Advantages, this Peice may justly challenge from the Favour of so Indulgent a Patroness, it entitles me to this happiness, the opportunity this Dedication gives me, of writing my self,

Madam,

Your Graces most Humble, and

most Obedient Servant,

ELKANAH SETTLE.

The

The Actors Names.

Cambyſes, the true King of *Perſia*.
Prexaſpes, His Favourite, by Birth a *Scythian*.
Otanes, Father to *Phedima*, & *Orinda*, } *Perſian* Princes,
Heir to the *Perſian* Crown. } Generals of *Cambyſes*'s Army.
Darius, Contracted to *Phedima*: }
Artaban, A *Perſian* Lord of *Cambyſes*'s Train.
Oſiris, a young Captive Prince, contracted to *Mandana*.

Smerdis, an Impoſtor, Uſurper of the *Perſian* Crown; Reigning in the Name of *Smerdis*, Younger Brother to *Cambyſes*, privately Murder'd by *Prexaſpes*: known only to *Prexaſpes*, and *Pataſithes*.
Pataſithes, His Friend; left Deputy of *Perſia*, during *Cambyſes*'s Progreſs into *Egypt*.
Theramnes, A Diſguis'd *Syrian* Prince, now General of *Smerdis*'s Army, privately in Love with *Orinda*.

Phedima, in Love with *Darius*.
Orinda, Her Siſter.
Mandana, A Captive Princeſs, Heireſs to the *Egyptian* Crown, Daughter to *Amaſis*, ſlain by *Prexaſpes*, at *Cambyſes*'s Command.

Auretta, and *Atoſſa*, waiting Ladies to *Phedima* and *Orinda*.
Two High Prieſts, *Perſian* Magi.
Captain of Guards to *Smerdis*.
Villains, Ghoſts, Spirits, Maſquers, Meſſengers, Executioners, Guards, and Attendants.

The SCENE *Suſa*, and *Cambyſes*'s Camp near the Walls of *Suſa*.

PROLOGUE.

With no small pains our Author has this day
Brought on the Stage a damn'd dull serious Play.
But what the Devil is he like to gain?
If wits, like States, with a joynt pow'r might Raign,
A Poet's labour then were worth the while,
Could he plead Custom, and demand your smile:
But that was ne're in fashion. Poets ought
To write with the same Spirit Cæsar *fought:*
Indiff'rent writers are contemn'd, for now
There grow no Lawrels for a common brow:
None but great Ben, Shakespear, *or whom this Age*
Has made their Heirs, succeed now on the Stage.
As Eagles try their Young against the Sun;
The self-same hazard all Young Writers run:
They are accounted a false bastard Race
That are not able to look wit i'th' Face;
And therefore must expect an equal Fate,
To be disown'd as illegitimate:
Thus conscious of their weaknesses and wants,
They know their doom; as deserts to young Plants,
You no more Mercy to Young Writers show,
You damn and blast 'em e're the've time to grow.
Thus you have learnt the Turkish *Cruelty,*
When Elder Brothers Reign, the Younger dye.
But as those Turks, *when they're for Death design'd,*
This favour from their Cruel Brothers find,
Strangled by Mutes, who fitted for the Fact,
Want tongues to speak the Cruelty they Act.
Knowing the danger of a publick shame,
Our Rimer hopes his Fate may be the same:
He humbly begs, if you must cruel be,
You'd make no noise when you his doom decree,
But if you damn him, damn him silently.

CAM-

CAMBYSES.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

SCENE, a Pavilion Royal.

The Curtain drawn, is repreſented Cambyſes *ſeated on a Throne; attended by* Otanes, Darius, Artaban, Prexaſpes, *Guards, Slaves, and Attendants; with the Princeſs* Mandana, *and Ladies.*

Cambyſes *deſcends from the Throne.*

Camb. THE trembling World has ſhook at my Alarms;
Aſia and *Africa* have felt my Arms.
My glorious Conqueſts too did farther fly;
I taught th' *Egyptian* god mortality:
By me great *Apis* fell; and now you ſee
They are compel'd to change their gods for me.
I have done deeds, where Heaven's high pow'r was foyl'd,
Piercing thoſe Rocks where Thunder has been toyl'd.
Now, like our Sun, when there remains no more,
Thither return whence we ſet out before.

Otan. Returning thus, Great Sir, you have out-done
All other glories, which your Arms have won.
Inferiour Conquerours their Triumphs get
When they advance, but you, when you retreat.

Dar. All Worthies, now, muſt yeild to you alone,
And diſappear, as Stars before the Sun.
Thus *Cyrus*, who all *Aſia* did defeat,
Becauſe ſo near you, does not ſeem ſo great.

Prex. *Cambyſes*, no: Your Honour there muſt yield:
Your Father *Cyrus*'s fame has yours excel'd:

Since

Since in one Act he did all yours out-do,
In leaving such a glorious Son as you.
Camb. Though th' utmost bounds of Earths large frame's my right,
Where e're the Tributary Sun pays light,
Though the whole World has my great triumph bin,
Yet still I have a Conquest left to win,
Mandana's heart —— *Mandana*, cease to mourn,
Your tears do those fair eyes but ill adorn.
Mand. These eyes, thus deckt in tears, become her fate
That wears 'em.
Camb. No; you must your greifs abate.
Tears have, like Tides, their Ebbs: And each kind flow'r,
After a sullen Cloud, and stormy show'r,
Looks fresh, and smiles at the next Sun.
Mand. ——————— That Sun
Will never see my Father in his throne;
That Sun that saw you triumph in his blood,
And saw you (who on *Egypt's* ruines stood)
Deface our Temples, and their Pow'rs defie,
That lent me Chains, and gave you Victory.
As if you to such want of Foes were driv'n,
When th' Earth you'd Conquer'd, to make War with Heav'n.
Camb. Their pow'rs that made my greatness so sublime,
Have made my Glory and success my Crime.
Forgive me that my Conquest was my fault,
And what th' Impartial chance of War has wrought.
Forget his Death, and I'le your fate retrive,
Your King and Father both in me shall live.
Mand. You vainly your untimely favours place;
Thus treacherous Serpents wound those they embrace.
A sudden trembling shoots through all my veins,
And in my breast his murder'd Image Reigns.
Such horror does my haunted soul affright,
That I must fly his cruel Murd'rers sight.
You, by instinct, who did his death design,
Assaulting of his blood, laid siege to mine. [*Exit* Mand. *and Ladies.*
Camb. Ye subtle Pow'rs, that humane passions rule,
That take your private walks within my soul;
Whence is your Title, that this pow'r you have,
Thus to degrade a Monarch to a Slave?

And yet ſuch charms from thoſe bright Circles flow,
That I muſt thank her eyes that made me ſo.

Prex. A ſudden ſound of Trumpets ſtrikes my ear.

[*Trumpets heard from within.*

Artab. It ſeems the Voyce of ſome new triumph near.

Camb. Some Herauld, or Embaſſador, or ſome
Poor petty Prince, that does a ſuppliant come
To beg his Crown. *Darius*, ſtrait inquire
From whence they come; and what 'tis they deſire.
Give 'em ſuch entertainment as may ſhew
Cambyſes is their King, and Conquerour too. [*Exit* Dar.
What ſhouts are theſe? Ha! louder yet! Go forth, [*Shouts from within*
And tell 'em that I will allay their mirth. [*Exit* Otanes.
Is't my good nature makes the ſlaves grow proud,
To dare to be thus Inſolent and loud?
Loud, and ungovern'd mirth, raſh acts performs;
Kind gales, grown turbulent and high, are Storms.

Enter Darius *in haſte.*

Dar. A Cloud of People does your Camp ſurround;
And their triumphant cryes eccho this ſound,
Long live King Smerdis.

Camb. Ha! What's this I hear?

Prex. What may provoke your Sword, but not your fear.

Enter Otanes *in haſte.*

Otan. The tumult's loud: their guilty Joyes do ſhow
They pay to *Smerdis* what to you they owe.

Camb. Does *Smerdis* then Uſurp my throne? my Lords,
We ſhall not want new Subjects for our Swords:
Though the raſh Boy's ambition doth not know
What dangerous height his Pride has raiſ'd him to,
Yet I will make him know from whence he falls:
Advance my Standard then to *Suſa's* Walls:
And the next Morning our bright Sun ſhall riſe,
Ador'd with blood, and Humane ſacrifice. [*Exeunt Omnes*
Does *Smerdis* live ſtill, a reproach to be [*Præter* Camb. & Prex.
Both to my pow'r, and thy fidelity?
Subjects the breath of Monarchs ſhould attend,
Obeying that on which their lives depend.
The wills of Princes who then dares diſpute,
Whoſe Precepts, as their Crowns, are abſolute?

Prex. If *Smerdis*, Sir, does any Scepter sway,
Neptune has lent him that which rules the Sea;
For there he lyes secure; there, where each Wave
May proudly pass triumphant o're his Grave.

Camb. How then, Sir, are the dead so pow'rful grown,
To make a Resurrection to my throne?

Prex. You know I'm Loyal, and may trust he's dead.

Camb. Thou lyest, Slave; one word more forfeits your Head.
How dare you tell me that he's dead, when I
Think it kind fortunes greatest courtesie,
That he still lives; and lives to wear my Crown?
For since the Conquer'd World's already won,
Thanks, ye kind Fates, that raise new Foes, t'afford
Fresh Subjects still for my Victorious sword.
Though *Smerdis* live t'out brave his Kings command,
'Tis but to fall by a more noble hand.
And that which does my willing sword invite,
I now shall Conquer in *Mandana's* sight.
I'le Court her with the glory of my Arms.
Conquest and War, like Beauty, have their Charms. [*Exit.*

Prex. How, not believ'd! Have I so oft, for this,
Obey'd his rage, and bloody Cruelties?
When Rapes and Murders were but common sin;
Such heats of blood have but my pastime bin;
And in requital, I'm thus far arriv'd,
I find a tyrants Favourite's short-liv'd.
My Death he threatens; since he does distrust
My Faith and Loyalty, it were but just,
That he should find me false who thinks me so:
Nor am I bred so tame, or born so low,
To be out-brav'd by Kings.

[*Enter a Messenger, who delivers a Letter to* Prex.

Mess. From *Smerdis*, Sir, and trust
To find him grateful, as he finds you just.

Prex. Happy occasion. Now I may persue
Both my Revenge, and my Ambition too. [*Aside.*
Go tell your King, I must not stop my ears, [*Opens the Letter.*
When Monarchs thus are my Petitioners. [*Exit Mess.*
Assist him! —— [*Pausing upon the Letter.*
True, Statesmen should not regard

The

The juſtice of the Act, but the reward.
The *Median* Crown! —— His promiſes are large,
And intereſt will greater faults diſcharge.
Now I will find freſh ſubjects for fames wings,
To tell the World I rule the fate of Kings.
Though I can't boaſt of Crowns, my glory is,
That Empires by my power do fall, and riſe.
Perhaps the Frantick zeal o'th' World may ſay,
I injure Heav'n, when I my King betray.
Let fools be juſt, court Shrines, have homage paid
To Images, thoſe Gods in Maſquerade.
Religion, Loyalty, and th' aery ſcrowl
Of Gods, are ſtrangers to a *Scythians* ſoul. [*Exit.*

Scena Secunda. *The* SCENE *continues:*

Enter Mandana, *Sola.*

Mand. And will the angry Gods for ever frown?
Have I not loſt a Father, and a Crown?
But that which moſt Heaven's cruelty does ſhew,
Who ſhares my heart does ſhare my fortune too.
The hand of War more cruel wounds ne're gave;
Oſiris too is the proud Tyrant's Slave.
Could providence this unjuſt deed deſign,
Oſiris ſhould wear any Chains —— but mine? [*She weeps.*
Our Fate the malice of our Stars does prove;
If there be any Stars that envy Love. *Enter to her* Oſiris.

Oſir. Do you remember thoſe ſtrict Vows you made,
And thoſe ſoft Charms in whiſpers you convey'd,
When I, and *Egypt* both, did happy prove,
They in their King, I in *Mandana's* Love?

Mand. I do, *Oſiris*; and remember too,
I always paid my promiſes to you.

Oſir. Your conſtancy confirms that happineſs,
Which your high favour did at firſt confer:
But Souls ſo much divine can do no leſs,
As Gods are conſtant, 'cauſe they cannot erre.
This day, I hope, our mutual Loves ſhall crown.

Mand. Yes, Sir, it ſhall, if Heaven will give us leave.

Oſir. When you, *Mandana*, ſmile, Heaven cannot frown.

Mand. No, unkind fate does your fond hopes deceive.
You know, *Oſiris*, that I made this vow,
That, with my Love, I would my Crown beſtow.
And from her Vow *Mandana* will not ſtart:
I'le give an Empire, when I give a heart.
But ſince my Captive Fate my Crown has loſt,
Your hopes and mine thus equally are croſt.
To give you leſs, would ſeem too low a thing,
My heart alone's too mean an offering.
Oſir. In this decree you do too cruel prove,
To think that Fortune can give Laws to love.
And to your Beauty you're injurious grown;
You cannot borrow luſtre from a Crown.
No, he who in *Mandana's* breaſt does Reign,
Is taught all meaner Empires to diſdain.
Mand. *Oſiris*, no, your too fond zeal miſtakes,
Love will admit no Slaves — but what it makes.
Love by our miſeries would ſullied be,
Eclips'd, and Clouded in Captivity:
Our fate the Crowning of our Love controuls.
Oſir. We have but Captives fortunes, not their ſouls.
Their ſouls to th' higheſt pitch of greatneſs riſe,
What can the empty frowns of Fate deſpiſe.
In our dark fortune Love will ſhine more bright:
As Diamonds borrow luſtre from the night.
Mand. No, no, you muſt your hopeleſs Love forgo:
You muſt, *Oſiris*; —— Love will have it ſo.
Oſir. And can you give what I ſhall ne're enjoy?
Can Love a Lovers happineſs deſtroy?
Mand. If e're my Stars my raviſht Crown reſtore, [*She ſighs.*
Til then, expect that I can give no more.
Oſir. You are too cruel.
Mand. No, I am too kind.
This reſolution in my breaſt is ſign'd: — [*Proffers to go out, at which*
I do command you, urge no more. (*Oſiris offers to ſpeak.*
Oſir. You may
Command my Death, you know I muſt obey.
Mand. No, my *Oſiris*, live, and live to be
More happy, then you can be made by me.
Yet from your Breaſt
Let not *Mandana* be ſo far remov'd,

But

But ſtill you may remember —— that we lov'd. [*Exit.*

Oſir. Oh, my hard fate!
She does deny me Love, yet bids me live;
Yet 'tis her kindneſs does this ſentence give.
How ſtrangely is my happineſs deſtroy'd?
Her too much love love's ruine has decreed:
As Lamps, that ſurfeit when they're overcloy'd,
Do periſh by that Oyl on which they feed.

Act. II. Scena Prima. *Scene a Pallace.*

Enter Smerdis, *and* Pataſithes, *with Guards and Attendants.*

Pat. 'TWas by Heaven's pleaſure, and our wills decreed,
To place the Crown of *Perſia* on your head.
Let dull ſucceſſive Monarchs idly wait
To be enthron'd by the ſlow hand of Fate;
And Phænix-like, expect their riſe, and power,
Only from th' aſhes of an Anceſtour.
You by a Nobler force have Empire gain'd,
Wreſting the Scepter from *Cambyſes* hand.
Thus on his ruine you his Throne aſcend,
And make the means as glorious as the end.

Smerd. The Fate of Crowns depends on common chance,
Fortune and pow'r may to a Throne advance.
But to confirm that Crown our pow'r affords,
Requires our Souls more active then our Swords.

Pat. You muſt yet act unſeen, and veil your pow'r,
Until your thunder's in your hand ſecure;
Till then, Sir, you your Majeſty muſt ſhrowd,
Like lightning, taking birth firſt from a Cloud.
Till you, like that, a full-blown glory wear;
And gain at once both reverence and fear.

Enter Theramnes.

The. Your Subjects joys grow loud, as is your fame;
Perſia ſpeaks nothing now, but *Smerdis* name:
And their exceſſive joys ſo high advance,
Their piety's joyn'd with their Allegiance;

Rend'ring that Homage which to Heaven is due,
Adoring leſs the riſing Sun, than you.
Smerd. 'Tis this muſt make my Sov'reignty compleat;
Thoſe joys that ſpeak them Loyal, ſpeak me great.
The. You Conqu'rours have out-done: your name affords
The ſubject of more Trophies then their ſwords.
Great *Cyrus* glories muſt ſubmit to you;
He conquer'd Nations, you their hearts ſubdue.
Smerd. This is but half a Conqueſt; who defends
A Crown, conquers his Foes, as well as Friends.
And now our cauſe for ſpeedy action calls;
Cambyſes is in ſight of *Suſa's* Walls.
Go then, *Theramnes*, muſter all our Force,
Our *Syrian* Infantry, and *Perſian* Horſe:
Prepare ſuch ſtrength, that it may be expreſt
That we can conquer, if he dare reſiſt.
The. I do not Conqueſt doubt: whilſt Monarchs are
Themſelves above plac'd in a higher ſphear;
You, like the Heav'ns, your ſacred pow'rs diſpence,
You'l give us conqueſt by your influence. [*Exit.*
Smerd. See how the fond deluded World miſtakes,
And what falſe light my borrow'd glory makes:
Yet ſuch as dazles *Perſia.* This diſguiſe
Has rais'd ſo thick a miſt before their eyes;
That my beſt Friends, *Theramnes*, and the croud
Of wond'ring Subjects, all are in one Cloud;
And their miſtaken Faiths ſo far advance,
That they ſeem Rivals in Allegiance.
Like their Devotion who the Gods implore;
Men firſt believe, and then they do adore.
Pat. Thus Kings and Beauty in this title ſhare,
'Tis the adorers eye makes Beauty fair.
The *Perſians* thus by their Allegiance ſhow,
You're the true Prince, if they but think you ſo.
Smer. I by ſuch arts do the Worlds Empire ſway,
As the Worlds frame does Natures Laws obey;
Mov'd by a cauſe admir'd, but never known.
Secrets of State and Heav'n agree in one:
Thus I, and thus the Gods themſelves diſguiſe
Their high'ſt deſigns in darkeſt Myſteries. [*Exeunt*

Scena

Scena Secunda *The Scene continues.*

Enter Phedima *and* Orinda.

Orind: Love in my breaſt ſhould with ſlow progreſs move,
Were there no other intereſt in love.
Phed. Why what more can there be?
Orind. Yes, I would have
My beautyes Captive be my Honours ſlave.
Brave Conq'rours ſcorn the prize they win, whilſt they
Aim only at the fame of Victory.
But your too humble love takes a low flight,
When you thus doat upon a Favourite.
Can your *Darius* ——
Phed. Can *Darius* ſeem
Unworthy then of *Phedima's* eſteem?
'Twere impious to wiſh my paſſion leſs:
His merits, not my Love, have their exceſs.
Orind. There 'tis. Not Fate nor Ages ſhall deſtroy
The Altars you have rais'd to the blind Boy.
The World has not a real happineſs,
To be compard to Loves imaginary bliſs.
And then in conſtancy there's ſuch a pride,
Such joys, ſuch charms, and Heaven knows what beſide;
That loves a God: a God indeed no doubt;
But 'tis with thoſe whom Ignorance makes devout.
You love with pious flames to that degree,
That nothing ſhall e're ſhake your conſtancie.
'Tis well reſolved. But ſeveral reaſons may,
Spight of your vow's, your cancel'd love betray.
Love's but a pleaſant dream; diſturb'd or croſt,
The fancy wakes, and the gay treaſure's loſt.
Phed. Siſter, you make me angry, when you think
My Honour or my Love ſo low can ſink.
The vows which to his breaſt my Soul convey'd,
Are ſacred as the Gods that heard 'em made,
And as unchangeable.

Enter Theramnes.

The. She's here!
Orind. Theramnes is a man I can commend,
He ſerves you and admires you as a friend.

Without design, his thoughts more clearly move,
Unsullied with that base self-int'rest, love.
The. to Phed. I come to tell you my unhappy fate:
Your gen'rous friendship must be turnd to hate.
So much I shall offend you, that you must
Be cruel, hate, and scorn me, to be just.
Phed. What is that crime deserves so ill from me?
The. Cambyses does his Force towards *Susa* lead,
And aims his vengeance at his Brothers head.
And I, by my Allegiance, must engage
My Sovereigns Arms against a Tyrants rage.
But whilst I, in the Gods, and *Smerdis* right,
Against that impious bloody Monster fight;
I hold a Sword against *Darius* breast:
The man that next my Prince I honour best.
And Madam, though as yet your smiles and fame,
Have made me but acquainted with his name;
Yet so much to his distant glory's due,
He is adored by me, because he's loved by you.
He, by his fond Allegiance blindly led,
His arm has to the Tyrants int'rest wed;
And I from Fate this cruel task receive,
To fight against his life for whom you live.
Phed. In this too, generous Sir, where lyes your crime?
You are an Enemy t' his cause, not him.
Nor is there any thing in this extreme,
But courting Honour on a different theme.
Go on; and though you various paths pursue,
Be both his friend and Glories Rival too.

Enter Smerdis *and* Patasithes.

Smerd. This is that *Phedima* I've seen before;
What then I but admired, I now adore.
My privacy my passion then confind,
A flame too noble for so low a mind;
Now nothing my loves freedom can controule;
My Empires limits do enlarge my Soul.
To Phed. To what kind God am I in debt for this
Dear minute? Madam think how great's his bliss,
Who has the happy freedom to reveal
What has been long a torment to conceal.

To my long wisht and ador'd Saint I bring
A Monarchs heart, your beautyes offering,
The noblest present that his love can make,
And yet the lowest you can stoop to take.
Pataſ. What do I hear? [*aſide.*
Phed. Is all this meant to me? [*to Smerd:*
Orind. As I could wish! now love, now constancy! [*aſide.*
Smerd. T'assert this truth, e're I the Scepter bore,
My Soul did privately those eyes adore.
But then I feared the justice of your frown,
And durst not own my love below a Crown.
But now my growing passion's bolder made,
Whilst I more nobly do your heart invade.
Phed. The *Persian* Monarchs love! now I'le proclaim
My constancy to my *Darius* flame. [*aſide.*
Pataſ. God! how does his distracted fancy rove,
Prefer'd to Empire, to submit to love! [*aſide.*
Phed. My courage in this cause shall act such things,
I'le prove my faith by my disdain of Kings. [*aſide*
I'le treat him so, that fame shall witness be,
None ever lov'd, or ever scorn'd like me.
Orind. If she resist a King, I must admire [*aſide.*
Her love.
The. In reverence I will retire. [*offers to go.*
Phed. Theramnes stay.
The. My stay will rude appear.
Phed. There's nothing he can say but you may hear.
Smerd. Such beauty would so well become a Throne,
Be pleased, fair excellence, t'accept a Crown.
Phed. Imagine Sir, this language doth surprize:
But when back on my self I cast my eyes,
I should suspect you flatter me, when I
Want charms to gain so great a Victory.
But as I know such vanities are things
Below the practice, or the thoughts of Kings,
I'le think you've wrongd your self, and cast a thought
On such an object as deserves it not.
And, Sir, to make my undesert appear,
From my own mouth my accusations hear.

If offerings of Love and Crowns you make,
Ungrateful I muſt not thoſe preſents take.
Pataſ. I'm paſt all patience. [*aſide.*
Orind. 'Tis a rare conſtancy can Crowns deſpiſe. [*aſide.*
The. Happy *Darius* in ſo brave a prize. [*aſide.*
Phed. To give you hopes your greatneſs would abuſe,
And therefore I this rougher ſtile muſt uſe:
I muſt ſcorn Empires, and refuſe a King.
Smerd. From what hard vows does this harſh ſentence ſpring?
Phed. From vows too ſtrong to break, too ſacred too
To be diſcloſed. Sir I have injurd you.
Since no return of Love I e're can make,
I'le hide the weapon for th' unkind wound's ſake.
Thus, Sir, I'le take theſe fatal eyes away: [*veils her ſelf.*
Farewell; I'le never ſee you more. [*offers to go.*
Smerd. No, ſtay: [*ſtays her.*
And give me day agen; diſpel that night;
Though hated let me that bleſt ſight enjoy.
Be not more cruel than our Sun, whoſe rays of light
Shine both on whom they cheriſh and deſtroy.
Phed. All new invaſions of my peace forbear;
Perſue not that which I with Horrour hear.
Now I have made my ſacred thoughts ſo plain;
You in proceeding court not, but profane.
If you invade ſtill what's anothers due,
You'l meet my frowns, who have my pitty now.
Smerd. How can you frown, while you thus veil'd confute
That puniſhment your frowns ſhould execute.
The fierceſt Lightning never wounds, when thus
A veil of Clouds is drawn twixt that, and us.
Phed. Sir, to conſult your intereſt and my own,
And to ſhun kindneſs where I can pay none;
If in this path you one ſtep further move,
I'le fly your Empire to avoid your Love.
[*Exeunt* Phedima, Orinda *and* Theramnes.
Smerd. I preſt too far I muſt confeſs, yet though
Her coyneſs threaten'd, it invited too.
Thus curious we int' angry Comets pry,
Which but at beſt threaten ill deſtiny;
When our inquiry does not reach ſo far,
To know the Aſpect of a milder Star.

Pataſ.

Pataſ. Love, like the Stars that rule't, ſhould active move:
You talk'd too idly, Sir, to be in Love.
Smerd. How Sir!
Pataſ. I onely tell you that you wrong
Your greatneſs when you ſtoop to talk ſo long.
Lovers ſhould not ſuch tedious treaties hold,
Love is a thing that's ſooner done then told.
But you forgot to take the proper courſe;
Conqueſts are not by parly won, but force:
Sir you ſhall have her, ſhe's your own.
Smerd. Raſh man,
You in this language all that's good profane.
Pataſ. Whilſt with tame Courtſhip you your joys protract,
You but the King, ſhe does the Tyrant act.
But ſhe deriv'd her power from your tame fears,
She knows that Lovers dare not give offence;
Thus fear makes Gods who deified the Stars,
But onely thoſe who fear'd their influence;
If you then loved, why did you not enjoy?
Can a Kings modeſty his hopes deſtroy?
Smerd. Such baſe and unjuſt deeds would but proclaim
Me an impoſtor greater then I am.
Pataſ. 'Tis Kings make juſtice, and not juſtice Kings;
And in that name you may do ſtranger things,
And ſtill be juſt. The *Perſian* Kings deſign
No Woman more then for a Concubine.
And in that onely name ſhe ſhould not have
The Courtſhip of a Miſtreſs but a ſlave.
You then ſhould force her whom you could not move:
Smerd. Force may ſupport my Empire, not my Love.
Beauty like Majeſty is ſacred too,
And muſt it then be thus blaſphemed by you?
Pataſ. Your thoughts and paſſions are too humble grown,
You do forget you're ſeated on a Throne.

[*Offers to go, and meets* Prexaſpes *entring diſguis'd,*
(*who ſeeing them undiſguiſes.*

Smerd. and *Pataſ.* *Prexaſpes!*
Prex. In this diſguiſe I from the Camp am come,
To tell you I have ſeal'd *Cambyſes* doom.

Led by my Councel, Sir, he does design
A three days Truce before the ſeige begin:
To which you muſt conſent.
Things muſt appear as ſmooth as calmeſt Seas,
And *Suſa* wear the flattering ſmiles of peace.
And for my management of this deſign,
Your help too muſt aſſiſtant be to mine:
The Tyrants life ſhall with his Empire end.

Smerd. A Monarchs patron.

Pat. And an Empires friend.

[*Exeunt* Smerdis *and* Prexaſpes.

Is Love an Object for his mind, which ſhou'd
Be now employ'd with thoughts of Wars and Blood?
Cambyſes now may his revenge perſue,
And eaſily conquer where love can ſubdue.
Love does debaſe all courage, and he is,
Like tame Beaſts, only fit for Sacrifice.
But I'le invent a cure.
——— Well I'le remove
Her ſafe enough both from his power and love.
Love is a paſſion for luxurious peace,
When idleneſs indulges the diſeaſe,
But not for active Souls: I've found the way
To turn that current, which I cannot ſtay. [*Exit.*

Scena Tertia. *The Scene a Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Phedima *and* Orinda.

Orin. Siſter you are ſo fortunate to have
The *Perſian* Monarch for your Beauties ſlave.

Phed. No, in my love Ambition has no part;
Monarchs may rule an Empire, not a heart.
Whilſt my *Darius* lodges here, my breaſt
Too narrow is for any other gueſt.
May *Smerdis* ſtill the *Perſian* Scepter bear,
And may he ſtill Reign every where, but here. [*Points to her breaſt.*

Orin. You advance conſtancy t' a height unknown;
But fame to your great Love's malicious grown.
Your ſtrange refuſal of the pow'rful charms
Of majeſty, th' aſtoniſht Court alarms:

And

And whilſt they your great conſtancy admire,
They buſily their wonder's cauſe enquire.
Loudly they talk, but by falſe judgment led,
They fix the lawrel on *Theramnes* head;
In him they ſay the ſubtle magick lyes,
For whoſe lov'd ſake you could a Crown deſpiſe.
Phed. Is all this ſ[illegible] of me?
Orin. Yes, and believed.
Phed. How fondly the miſtaken world's deceived!
They can't believe't.
Orin. In one voice, on his ſcore
They place this ſtrange averſion.
Phed. Hold, no more.
Shame and confuſion has ſo fil'd my breaſt,
That I want patience to hear out the reſt.
Orin. Why all this rage? what muſt your paſſion ſwell,
Becauſe mankind is not infallible?
Can you believe that fame ſpeaks always true?
Phed. Yes, I am angry, and have reaſon too.
I owe ſo much even to *Darius* name,
I would not have him rivald but in fame:
Orin. You know *Darius* has been abſent long.
And laſt impreſſions have a power moſt ſtrong;
Your later favours to *Theramnes* ſhew'd,
May through miſtake the credulous Court delude.
Phed. But how could all this rudeneſs take ſuch vent,
Unleſs *Theramnes* gav't incouragement?
If as you ſay, this rumour is ſo loud,
His ear muſt have ſome ſhare on't in the crowd;
He's not ſo mean a Courtier as to meet
No flatterers for a victory ſo great.
And ſure he cannot be a man ſo vain,
To let my honour bear ſo falſe a ſtain.
Orin. That vanity is frequent in mankind,
To own thoſe favours which they do not find.
I wiſh he don't his Sexes pride affect,
To be thought Lords of what they ne're expect.
But if he does ——
Phed. He can't be guilty of ſo baſe a fact,
To forfeit all his honour in one act.

The

The vertues in his breaſt too numerous were,
He could not in one minute raze out all:
Great vertues like great Empires ruined are,
They by degrees muſt ſink before they fall.
Orind. But ſay he thinks he has cauſe to be thus vain,
Suppoſe he loves, and thinks he's loved again.
In all the favours you have heap'd on him,
Have you done nothing might like kindneſs ſeem
Phed. Nothing,
But where he might my innocent friendſhip find:
And he's a man too witty to be blind.
Orind. But perhaps he your kindneſs has miſtook;
For lovers can track love in every look
A Lady does impart; and every glance
Does to an unknown height their hopes advance.
The languages of Ladies ſmiles ſuffice,
For Lovers to read contracts in their eyes.
Yonder he comes. Do you unſeen retire,
And when you're gone, I'le carefully inquire
The cauſe; I'le ſound his heart, and ſatisfie
Your honour, and my curioſity. [Phedima *goes out, and* Theramnes
Orind. Theramnes let me but one queſtion move? (*enters to* Orinda.
The. Your pleaſure Madam?
Orind: Did you ever love?
The. What does ſhe mean, that ſhe whom I adore,
Should ask me that I ne're durſt ſpeak before? [*Aſide*
Aſſiſt me love, and give me power to ſhow
Courage enough to own my overthrow.
Orind. What does your anſwer need ſo great a pauſe?
The. And can you doubt th' effect who are the cauſe?
How can you think that he who ſees your eyes,
Can be exempted from their victories?
To doubt I love you, your own power ſuſpect:
From ſuch bright charms who can his heart protect?
Orind. Is this the language of his wit or heart!
Perhaps he's guilty, and this ſtile's but Art.
Perhaps he does ſuſpect what I will ask,
And to divert me from 't aſſumes this maſk,
To force me to a bluth on my own ſcore, [*Aſide*
That I may tax him in her name no more.
He may be guilty, and aſhamed to hear,

But

But ſhall ——
—— Sir theſe expreſſions needleſs are.
I know your heart.
The. What could my ſtars do more [*Aſide*
Then that *Orinda* knew my heart before!
Orind. Since you your ſelf a captive do confeſs,
Theramnes you may leav't to me to gueſs
Your Conquerour.
The. And has ſhe gueſt my love ſo right, and let
The knowledge in with ſuch a ſmall regret? [*aſide.*
And does ſhe firſt begin the happy Theme?
Are my hopes real, or ſome airy dream?
Orind. But of what date has this your paſſion been?
The. Since the firſt day I had my Conquerour ſeen.
In a deep ſilence and as great a fear,
In vain I paſt a long and tedious year.
And like that year now it's whole courſe is run,
There find my ſelf where I at firſt begun.
Orind. And could your love to ſuch a height advance,
And you not dare to give it utterance?
The. Love Madam, is not with ſuch eaſe kept hid,
But in our very eyes it may be read.
Beauties that in our hearts nouriſh a fire,
Like to the Gods that do thoſe flames inſpire;
Their ſervants ſilence ſeldome do miſtake,
But know their wiſhes though they never ſpeak:
Thus I have utter'd it.
Orind. And only thus?
The. Perhaps ſome few ſighs an eſcape have made;
But thoſe I checkt as too ambitious,
Fearing they had my high placed love betraid.
Orin. But has your love ſo ſilent been as not
To ſpeak one word? Think: you may have forgot.
I will refreſh your memory, perhaps
I, Sir, may recollect ſome ſlight eſcapes
You thought not worth preſerving, have y'expreſt
Nothing of ſeiges to my Siſters breaſt?
The. What does this mean? unleſs ſhe jealous be.
I love elſewhere, and tryes my conſtancy.
If it be ſo, how can I happier prove: [*aſide.*
For where there's jealouſie, there muſt be love.
Orind.

Orind. Whence does this clamorous aſperſion ſpring,
That for your ſake ſhe has refuſed a King?
If Sir, you had the confidence to give
This ſcandal life, or ſuffer it to live,
In either, you're unjuſt: how dare you ſee
Her face, and not ſuppreſs this infamie?

The. By Heaven, or what I equally adore,
Your ſelf, this ſcandal I ne're heard before:
But that you may not my wrong'd Soul miſtake;
I nere durſt hurt your Sex for your dear ſake.
Abuſe your Siſters honour! no, to prove
I ne're aſpir'd to the fair *Phedimas* love,
And much leſs injur'd it, let this ſuffice,
I owe my conqueſt to *Orinda's* eyes.

Orind. Confuſion! I with more impatience hear
His love to me, then his abuſe to her. [*aſide.*
If then your guilt is not to her, but me,
Know Sir that I can frown as well as ſhe. [*Exit.*

Enter again Phedima *and* Orinda.

Phed. I'm ſatisfied he's innocent.
He to your influence his conqueſt owes.

Orind. But here he has a cruel *Mrs.* choſe.
To love, you know, I have defiance made.

Phed. But where force cannot, pitty can invade.
Our Sex againſt reſolves does often ſin,
And harder hearts have let the Conquerour in.
Th' effects of beauty beauty firſt forgives,
And after pardon pitties, then relieves.
So, by degrees th' increaſing power goes on,
And what cannot by ſtorm, by ſeige is won.

Orind. As if a Ladies breaſt no courage held,
And our tame Souls were only taught to yeild.
No; to our long Apoſtate Sex I'le rear
A new Religion, and with Love make War.

Enter Atoſſa *who delivers a letter to* Phedima.

Phed. From my *Darins!* [*reads.*
See with what extaſie he tells me how [*to* Orinda *ſhewing her*
The fate of War is no more cruel now. (*the Letter.*
A new made truce has giv'n him liberty,
To quit the Camp this day to viſit me.
I'le instantly a welcome anſwer ſend,
And tell him where his preſence I'le attend.

You

You Siſter and *Theramnes* ſhall be there,
No more your heart ſhall againſt love declare.
You from our meeting eyes ſhall ſuch impreſſion take,
That our Examples ſhall a convert make.
Atoſſa. Before *Darius* into *Egypt* went, [*Exeunt* Phedima *and* Orinda.
I was his paſſions ſecret confident.
And 'twere a fault never to be excuſed,
Should I with ſilence ſee his right abuſed.
Theramnes upſtart int'reſt, and her ſtrange
Extravagant Favours there, portend ſome change.
'Tis not the ſtate he left her in; nor be
Suſpicions groundleſs where all tongues agree.
The Court talks loud; and accuſations too,
When they are univerſal, muſt be true.
I muſt not then my ſacred truſt betray,
Meet her he ſhall; but I'le prepare his way. [*Exit.*

Scena Quarta, *SCENE a Pavilion Royal.*

Enter Cambyſes *and* Prexaſpes.

Camb. —— Enough — I am convinc'd of *Smerdis* Fate:
'Tis well my blood does not diſturb my State.
How ſits the Cloud upon *Mandana's* brow?
Prex. She does no time but to her tears allow.
Camb. Marble ſheds tears, but cannot ſofter grow:
Her heart's ſtill hard, and ever will be ſo.
Enter Mandana, *who ſeeing* Cambyſes, *offers to go out.*
Camb. Stay, cruel Princeſs, ſtay. Are your fair eyes
Afraid to look on their own Victories?
Or, are you ſtartl'd at your own great pow'r,
To ſee your Slave in the Worlds Conquerour?
Who from your influence does his greatneſs take,
And Conquers only for *Mandana's* ſake.
Mand. O fatal Beauty! was't *Mandana's* eyes
That made you win her Crown, and Sacrifice
Her Fathers Blood?
Camb. — Your loſſes I'le reſtore,
With Crowns more bright than *Amaſis* e're wore.
Mand. No, Tyrant know, my Soul's not ſunk ſo far,
To ſtoop to my great Fathers Murderer.

Have I my ſelf no better underſtood,
Then thus to found my greatneſs on his blood?
Your proffer'd Crowns cannot my thoughts controul,
You have ſubdu'd my Empire, not my Soul.
Camb. Madam, how dare you thus provoke his hate,
Who's the diſpoſer of your Crown, and Fate?
Mand. Yes, Sir you of my Life and Throne diſpoſe,
And thoſe are trifles I could wiſh to loſe.
But know, proud King, my vertue I'le ſecure:
My Honour is above a Tyrant's pow'r. [*Exit.*
Camb. Captive, farewel. Since you ſo ſtubborn prove,
I will take care you ſhall be taught to love.
A guſt of paſſion has uncalm'd my Soul;
My blood does with a livelier motion roul.
A fierce aſſault my drowſie Soul does ſtorm;
And bids my love wear a more manly form.
My Reaſon now ſhall my blind paſſion guide;
I'le be a Vaſſal to her eyes, not pride.
Since then my mildneſs could not win a ſmile,
I'le learn to court her in a rougher ſtile.
Enter Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban.
My lab'ring thoughts muſt now make truce. My Lords,
Will there be an imployment for our Swords?
How ſtrong's their Gaeriſon, how great their Force?
Otan. Their number, Sir, is fifty thouſand Horſe:
And twice that number is their Infantrie.
Camb. Then they are fit to be o'recome by me.
You then muſt know from whence this War does ſpring,
And who would be my Brother, and your King.
Dar. Who, but your Brother, durſt your ſeat ſupply?
A baſer blood could ne're have thoughts ſo high.
Camb. You are miſtaken, Sir, he wears no Crown,
Unleſs that ſome kind god has lent him one.
Smerdis is dead.
Otan. —— How dead? and by whoſe hand?
Camb. It was by his, and 'twas by my command. [*points to* Prex.
Otan. Then the War's done; you've rob'd us of our Foe.
Camb. Ay, Sir, of him I rob'd you long agoe:
'Tis not my brother that does wear my Crown
Artab. Your Brother dead, yet *Smerdis* in your Throne?
Dar. Who then is he dares that high Title claim, Uſurp.

Uſurping both your Empire, and his name?
Camb. Falſe *Pataſithes*, whom I rais'd above
Either my Subjects Envy, or their Love,
Has in requital rob'd me of that Throne,
Under whoſe luſtre he ſo bright was grown.
Thus the Moons kindneſs does the Suns requite,
Eclipſing him from whom ſhe takes her light.
His kinſman *Smerdis* he does ſubtly bring
To repreſent my Brother, and your King.
Enter to them Pataſithes *diſguis'd.*
What's he that to our preſence does intrude?
Pat. Sir, 'tis my Loyalty that makes me rude.
Prex. 'Tis he, great Sir, that in our cauſe does joyn,
The chiefeſt Agent in our grand deſign.
Camb. And do you know that *Smerdis*, Sir, that wou'd
Lay claim both to my Empire, and my blood?
Pat. Dread Sir, he is to me ſo near ally'd,
He from my breaſt cannot his ſecrets hide.
Camb. But are you ſure he is your truſty friend? [*To* Prex.
Prex. As ſure as all the tyes on Earth can bind.
Pat. On this, great King, we've founded our deſign:
The charge of *Suſa's* Weſtern Gate is mine.
And that which to our ſafety does conduce,
You know the conſ'quence of a lazy truce:
Truces which ſeem but Martial Maſques, and are
The crimes of peace dreſt in the garb of War.
Know then, during this truce, his Forces be
Arm'd onely for their eaſe and Luxurie.
You then this night ſhall with your Army wait;
I'le give you entrance at the Weſtern Gate.
Then on the Eaſt I'le give a falſe Alarm,
That e're his party ſhall have time to Arm,
You ſhall have forc'd your paſſage, won the Town,
Seiz'd the Uſurper, and regain'd your Crown.
Camb. Well, I'le this night, advancing in their head,
To *Suſa* my Triumphant Forces lead:
None but my ſword my quarrel ſhall decide.
Dar. Conqueſt and you, Sir, ever were ally'd.
But, Sir, the breach of Truce a ſtain will be
To the bright glory of your Victory:

'Twill an Eclipſe to your great Fame produce.

Camb. Why, Sir, was it not I that made the Truce?

Dar. It was.

Camb. Then what I made I may deſtroy:
In this deſign you muſt your ſwords imploy:

Dar. When you command, the cauſe we do not weigh;
You've taught our ſwords to Conquer, and obey.

Camb. See that our entrance be with care prepar'd: [*To* Pataſ.
We ſhall not want ſucceſs, nor you reward.

[*Exeunt* Cambyſes, Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban.

Pat. Nought but his death ſhall for reward ſuffice;
For when he enters *Suſa's* Walls, he dyes.
'Tis the laſt Conqueſt that his ſword ſhall have,
To win that ground on which he makes his Grave.
Brave Friend!

Prex. His death ſhall make our Friendſhip good:
No tyes ſo ſtrong as what are writ in blood. [*Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scena Prima. *Scene, the Camp.*

Enter Darius, *and* Oſiris, Darius *with an open Letter in his hand.*

Dar. DUring this truce we will to *Suſa* go,
To pay a debt I to my Princeſs owe.
Two Sovereigns, young Prince, have each their part,
The King my hand, and *Phedima* my heart.
But, Sir, your friendſhip ſhares part in my breaſt:
I can't give y' all, but truſt you with the reſt.
This Viſit too is not alone deſign'd
T' a Miſtreſs, but your ſecond ſelf, a friend.

Oſir. My Rival, Sir, name him, what friend is he?

Dar. I am unknown to him, and he to me:
Strangers to each.

Oſir. ——— This is a Riddle too;
A friend, and one you never ſaw, nor knew.

Dar. But, Sir, I am no ſtranger to his Fame:
Theramne's Virtues do my friendſhip claim.

Oſir. But whence aroſe this myſtick ſimpathy?

Dar.

Dar. 'Twas *Phedima's* fair hand that made this tye.
His worth, his deeds, his ſervice ſhe commends:
That 'twere unjuſt we ſhould be leſs than friends.
She gives him ſuch a glorious Character,
That being his friend, I do but ſecond her.
And then her Letters tell me, how that ſhe
Has giv'n him ſuch a Character of me,
That he already is impatient grown,
Till both of us are to each other known.

Oſir. Friendſhip a ſtranger progreſs never made,
That by a Mediatour is convey'd;
You court *Theramnes's* love, a friend unſeen,
As Kings by Proxies Court a Forreign Queen.

Enter to them Atoſſa.

Dar. Atoſſa, my dear confident; how ſtand
My mighty hopes? but why this vain demand!
Hope in great Lovers like Devotion ſhou'd
To change be no more ſubject, then the God
To which 'tis paid.

Atoſſ. My Lord, I was thought juſt,
And would be ſtill.

Dar. Your Truth who dares diſtruſt?

Atoſſ. I always wiſht you ſafe.

Dar. And made me ſo.
To you the knowledge of my Heav'n I owe.
When e're my abſent Saint was pleas'd t' accept
My diſtant vows, you the dear treaſure kept.
When e're ſhe caſt a favourable thought,
By you the kind Credentials ſtill were brought.
My Loves good genius.

Atoſſ. Would I could be ſtill:
And not th' unwelcome meſſenger of ill.
But I muſt tell you words of ſuch a ſound,
Will damp your courage, and your peace confound.
You know *Theramnes* is your *Mrs.* friend.

Dar. Yes and mine too.

Atoſſ. Your choice does hers commend.
'Tis then by her example you are kind.

Dar. What does ſhe mean? [*aſide*
Why not?

Atoſſ. Onely I find

Yours

Your mighty friendſhip when compar'd is ſmall,
The copy is below th' Original.

Dar. What do I hear! but I'le ſuppreſs my doubt,
And ſtay my wonder till I've heard her out.

Atoſſ. That loſs which once your killing abſence made
His kind reception has of late repaid.
Her hours leſs tedious paſs; not Summers Sun
Then ſhe more early his gay looks puts on.
But Sir, not to be long a killing, know
To that new favourite you your ruine owe.
Th' aſſiduous viſits, free acceſs, and dear
Kind looks ſhe gave to you are doubted there.
So publickly is his great intereſt fam'd:
Your's was but whiſper'd, his loud love's proclaim'd.
Cambyſes threaten'd vengeance is not more
The publick talk of *Perſia*, then his power
In *Phedimas* heart.

Dar. No; 'tis fame's falſe, not ſhe.
Can a divinity corrupted be?
It is impoſſible.

Atoſſ. But Sir, there's odds
Betwixt ſuch Idols which men make, and Gods;
And though Heaven cannot, fleſh and blood may change.
But grant this accuſation may ſeem ſtrange,
And fame be thought a lyer when it paints
In ſuch dark colours ſuch appearing Saints;
Grant his addreſs was friendſhip, yet when ſhe
Her ſelf has heard of this love infamie,
And does not ſtrive her injuries to repair,
But his acceſs is ſtill as free as e're;
While her fond thoughts to this ſubmiſſion bow,
'Tis guilt, not innocence, admits him now.
'Tis true, your letter in a generous ſtile
She anſwerd; but there's Treaſon in her ſmile.
To palliate her falſhood ſhe's ſo kind
T' appoint you where to meet her; but you'l find,
Therammes muſt conduct her to that place,
He muſt be preſent when ſhe grants that grace.
And ſure for two who once ſo dearly loved,
Two ſo long parted, and ſo far removed,

To meet in crowdes, and at a time,
When by the chance of War, before few days are paſt,
She knows not but that meeting is your laſt.
A lovers part ſhe has not overdone,
When your firſt viſit muſt have lookers on.
Dar. Is this the man ſhe prais'd, is love ſo blind,
I could not ſee my Rival in her friend.
A thouſand things convince I am betray'd;
Has ſhe a contract with *Therammes* made.
And can Heaven ſuffer it? Sir, if you dare
Out-face the worſt of Treaſons read 'em there:
Try if your courage do not ſtart to ſee
A more inhumane barb'rous cruelty,
Then Heaven or Hell, Furies or Fate, or all
But Woman can invent —— but theſe are ſmall;
And petty ſportive crimes in them to prove
Falſe and Diſloyal to their Oaths and Love.
Oſir. She does your merits wrong. But 'tis the fate
Of Lovers, Sir, to be unfortunate.
Dar. But ſince *Darius* ſuch hard fortune bears,
I will out-do the malice of my ſtars.
I'le be more cruel then my fate, I'le make
My juſt revenge my injur'd cauſe partake:
Revenge, the onely pleaſure of deſpair:
Him from her breaſt, or her from his I'le tear.
I'le end my wrongs by his, or my own fate;
Looſing her love, I will deſerve her hate.
His blood, or mine, my fury ſhall atone:
I'le cauſe his fall, or cruſh him with my own. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda. *SCENE the Pallace.*

Enter Smerdis *Solus.*

Smerd. Her paſſion has ſome more then common tye,
When profferd Crowns can't ſhake her conſtancy.
She has confeſt her Love, though not the man,
But that t' a jealous eye is but too plain.
She for *Therammes* hath this rigour ſhown
To him who with his Love proffer'd his Th[illegible]

And to convince me my ſuſpicion's true,
What made him preſent at our interview.
By her command, unleſs her pride to make
Him ſtay, to ſee her ſcorn me for his ſake?
But he ſhall dye to make my paſſion room;
Yet ſtay, there's danger in a publick doom.
To execute a favour'd Rival is
The way looſe her love for which he dyes.
By trecherous ſmiles then I'le his ruine act,
As ſtranded veſſels in a Calm are wrackt.

Enter Theramnes, *who ſeeing* Smerdis, *offers to withdraw.* *Theramnes* ſtay.

The. ——————— I fear I am too rude.

Smerd. Theramnes, no, a friend cannot intrude.

The. But I have preſt into your privacies.

Smerd. Friendſhip above all private buſines is;
Unleſs it be the high concerns of Love,
And Honour. But there we two equal prove
Rivals in both.

The. What means my King?

Smerd. ——————— I mean,
Onely one Beauty o're us both does Reign.

The. No, you whoſe Empire's greatneſs is above
All Rivals, ſhould admit none in your love.
And think you that my confidence aſpires
To Court that Beauty which my King admires?

Smerd. Think you I can believe you never ſaw
The eyes and charms of the fair *Phedima*?
How can you utter ſo prophane a word,
To ſay ſhe can be ſeen, and not ador'd?

The. Love like Religion, never choſe one way:
That all ſhould to one object homage pay.
The Sun does to the World his ſight afford,
But by the *Perſians* onely is ador'd.

Smerd. Becauſe the reſt o'th' World are ignorant,
And do the knowledge of his God-head want.
But you who know how great Divinity
In *Phedima's* moſt ſacred breaſt does lye,
Can't but adore her.

The. ——————Yes, I can do more:
I am beyond her Beauties charms, and pow'r.
In this one glory I out-rival you;
Thoſe eyes which did the *Perſian* King ſubdue,
Their pow'r's too weak to Captivate my heart.
Smerd. His love's too ſtrong to be compell'd by art,
Or forc'd to a Confeſſion. [*Aſide.*
——————'Twas th' exceſs
Of paſſion made my jealouſie tranſgreſs. [*Exit* Theramnes.
Though he ſo reſolutely does maintain
He does not love, the Riddle I'le explain,
And of his heart a perfect ſearch I'le make.
Monarchs the ſecrets of the Skies can track,
And ſearch Heavens councels; how then can mankind
Act in a Cloud that which we cannot find? [*Exit.*

Scena Tertia. *The Scene a Grove.*

Enter Phedima, *and* Orinda.

Phed. This is the happy hour, and this the Grove,
Oh the dear tranſports of approaching Love.

Enter tow Villains, *uneſpy'd by* Phedima *and* Orinda.

1. *Vil.* We are to ſeize the Princeſs *Phedima*:
And ſhe has took a private walk this way.
2. *Vil.* And *Pataſithes* gave us charge, that we
Should take the ſafeſt opportunity.
1. *Vil.* Oh, here's the prize; let's ſeize 'em.
2. —————————Stay, I'le go,
And ſee firſt if the Coaſt be clear, or no;
Leaſt by ſome ſudden reſcue they eſcape. [*Exit ſecond Vil.*
1. *Vill.* They'r objects more for pity, than a rape,
Had not our Patron's bounty made us bold;
Beauty wants pow'r when we're firſt charm'd with gold.

Enter again the ſecond Villain.

2. *Vil.* I've view'd around, and I can onely ſpye
One man within the proſpect of my eye.
1. *Vil.* One ſingle man ſhall not diſturb our prize,
For if he chance to come this way, he dyes.
[*They ruſh and ſeize the Ladies.*
Both Ladies. Help, help. Inhumane Raviſhers.

Enter Theramnes.

The. What ſudden cry's this that invades my ears?
Ha! Raviſhers! and my *Orinda* too!
My Sword muſt plead what my love could not do. [*Draws.*
Unhand e'm, Villains. Beauty never is
Ordain'd for ſuch a rude embrace as this.
Unhand e'm, or you dye.

1. *Vil.* That you ſhould do:
Our Swords ſhall act that kindneſs, Sir, for you.

[*Both Villains draw upon him.*

[*The Ladies ſtep in between them, to part them.*

Phed. Hold, Villains, Hold.

The. Give me leave,
My Title their baſe number does ſurpaſs;
I need no other Second, but your cauſe. [*Puts the Ladies by, and fights.*

[Phedima *and* Orinda *run out, crying, help.*

Enter to them Fighting, Darius.

Dar. Since Honour does to th' weakeſt part incline,
Againſt ſuch odds it makes the quarrel mine.

[*Draws, and fights on* Theramnes's *ſide; the two Villains are worſted.*

Give them their lives.

1. *Vil.* ——————— We ſcorn a baſe Reprieve:
We'l either conquer'd dye, or Conqu'rors live. [*Fight on, 2 Vil: fall*

The. 'Tis your aſſiſtance has the glory won,
Your generous aid, Sir, has my Sword out-done.

Dar. I'm happy in performing honours Laws,
But ſhall be happier when I know the cauſe.

The. 'Twas in two Ladies quarrels that I drew
That Sword that's now made fortunate by you.
Beauties, whoſe pow'rful infl'ence is ſo great
To guide our Swords, we could not but defeat
An Army in their cauſe.

Dar: Know you their name?

The: Strangers to that, are ſtrangers too to Fame;
Phedima, and *Orinda*. Ladies who
Are Beauties wonder, and its envy too.

Dar: Ha! in their cauſe!

The: —— Fortune could ne're afford
A cauſe more noble to *Theramnes*'s Sword.

Dar:

Dar: Theramnes! O ye Gods! thanks to my fate; [*Aside*
That at this hour has made me fortunate.
The. The happieſt chance that our kind ſtars could ſend,
That we their Lives and Honours ſhould defend.
Dar. In their defence you have your courage ſhown,
But you will ſhew it better in your own. [*Draws*
The. This ſtrange aſſault I cannot underſtand.
Dar. My meaning's legible —— here in my hand.
The. That language is too hard to b' underſtood.
Dar. It will be plainer when 'tis writ in blood.
Draw, Traytor.
The. —— Firſt, you'l give me leave to know
From what ſtrange root this ſudden rage does grow.
Dar. Your parly does but my revenge delay.
The. Then take your conqueſt this more humble way.
[*Proffers his Sword*
For Honour holds my hand from a deſign
Againſt his life, who bravely gave me mine.
Dar. Honour a Refuge for your fear procures.
That debt you owe my Sword, pay it with yours.
The. Such a rude payment ——
Dar. Such a weak pretence
Serves but to yield a Coward a defence.
The. My patience cannot to that name ſubmit,
I'm ſorry you muſt have the proofs of it. [*Both fight*
[Theramnes *draws off from* Darius *in fighting, and offers to ſpeak.*
The. Sir, do but hear ——
Dar. —— Muſt you a parley make,
Thus to take breath, when 'tis the laſt you'l take?
[*Fights on, and gives* Theramnes *a mortal wound.*
Enter to them fighting, Oſiris, Phedima, *and* Orinda.
Phed. What new aſſault is this?
Oſir. —— *Darius*, hold.
Your fury 'gainſt this ſtranger is too bold.
The. Darius!
The onely man on Earth whom I deſign'd [*Aside.*
To be my Friend, my Murderer I find.
Phed. Darius!
What fatal cauſe enrag'd you to this ſtrife,
To uſe your Sword 'gainſt my Protector's life?

The. My blood runs ſlow: Fate now acts it's laſt part, [*Aſide.*
And Deaths cold hand moves faintly o're my heart.
Orind. I'm bound in Honour for that aid you lent.
The. That Bond you Cancel in th'acknowledgment.
Orind. My freedom you releaſt, a gift ſo great,
That I muſt owe a Ranſom, not a Debt. [*To* The.
Phed. But, Sir, what rage arm'd you to this bold deed, [*To* Dar.
Againſt *Theramnes*, whom the Fates decreed ——
Dar. Againſt *Theramnes*, whom you have decreed,
Should in your Love too happily ſucceed.
Phed. Are theſe the grounds? your jealouſie remove,
He's Rival to your Courage, not your Love:
His Valour 'twas that did my Honour guard,
Which your rude fury did but ill reward.
From theſe bold Raviſhers, whoſe blood he ſpilt, [*Points to the 2 Vil.*
Reſcu'd my Life, and recompenc'd their guilt.
The. My ling'ring Spirits do ſtill faintly hault;
Death ſure has laid a ſiege, not an aſſault. [*Aſide.*
Dar. Excuſes Madam, you but feebly make,
Fame ſpeaks too loud to ſuffer my miſtake.
Phed. Dare you believe in fame, and not this breaſt?
Suſpicious man, dares your weak faith digeſt
Such baſe low thoughts of me, to dare to think
My vertue can grow leſs, or courage ſhrink?
Your Crime had been more venial, and leſs ſtrange,
T' have thought my beauty, than my Soul could change.
The. In *Phedima's* fair eyes ſuch glories ſhine,
As may command all hearts to yeild — but mine.
But from her Charms I did my breaſt defend:
And I am not your Rival, but your Friend.
Yet though your Sword has made my blood ebb low,
My courage ſtill to the ſame height does flow.
And ſtill my breaſt is large enough t' afford
Room for your friendſhip, as it did your Sword.
No more your groundleſs jealouſies purſue;
My Conqueſt to *Orinda's* eyes is due.
But I want breath, not words, for my defence,
To prove *Theramnes's* injur'd innocence.
Yet if I win your friendſhip, I can't call
This my defeat, who conquer when I fall; [*Falls*
And may *Theramnes* now ſo happy prove,

Who

Who in his life could not deſerve your love,
To win *Orinda's* pitty when he dyes, [*to* Orind.
In Life your Slave, in Death your Sacrifice. [*Faints away, as dead*
Phed. Now ſee what your miſtaken rage has done,
And Triumph at the Conqueſt you have won.
Look there, and tremble, if you have a ſenſe
Of horror equal to his innocence.
Dar. He's gon! too late thy innocence appears:
The current of my rage now turns to tears.
Oſiris, run, call all the help that's near,
Whilſt I my hopeleſs griefs eccho to th' Air. [*Exit* Oſiris.
Yet the kind Gods have not plac'd Heav'n ſo high,
But that our ſighs and pray'rs may mount the Sky.
Was this the only way to reach his heart,
Where he too generouſly gave me part?
Could I thy innocence no ſooner find?
Is cruel Jealouſie, like Love too, blind?
Enter Oſiris, *with Attendants, who take up the Body of* Theramnes.
Thy blood by my unhappy hand was ſpilt:
Love, like Religion, in th' exceſs grows guilt.
Thus Love turns Jealouſie when too ſublime:
As Superſtition is Devotions Crime.
Uſe all the Arts that may reſtore his breath,
[*To* Oſiris, *and the Attendants who carry off* Theramnes.
Or beg, at leaſt, one hour's reprieve of Death,
That I t' his parting Soul in tears may tell
My griefs, and take my long and laſt farewell.
[*Exeunt* Oſiris, *and Attendants.*
But hold; one debt more to his vertue's due:
Oſiris, ſtay —— with my dead Friend I'le go ——
To th' other World —— thus —— thus. [*Goes to fall upon his Sword.*
Phed. —— You are too bold:
Hold your rude hand. [*Stays him.*
Dar. And does ſhe bid me hold?
Phed. Yes, Sir, ſhe does; ſhe dares not ſee you dye.
Dar. Your kindneſs then recalls my deſtiny. [*Paſſionately*
Phed. Darius, live ——
—— For by your haſty fall [*Changing her voyce*
Your Death would be too mild, and pain too ſmall,
Your blood would be too prodigally ſpilt.
Live, onely to be puniſht for your guilt.

Or,

Or, if th' experiment of death you'd trye,
Tis fit you know your ſentence, e're you dye:
Death is but half the rigour of your Fate;
Living you merit, dying force my hate,
And fall unpitty'd. Now ſtrike, if you dare;
Try if your courage equals your deſpair.
Then ſhe whoſe kindneſs did your hand recall,
Will be more kind — ſhe'l ſmile — to ſee you fall.

Dar. Oh, now I dare not dye. A ſtrange reprieve,
When cruelty has pow'r to make me live.
Before, her kindneſs did recall the ſtroke,
And now her frowns my ſentence do revoke.
Beauties have this prerogative alone,
Their pow'r is equal, when they ſmile, or frown.
My guilt deſerves the greateſt puniſhment
Tortures can yield, or Juſtice can invent.
And I could willingly endure the weight
Of all that I deſerve, except your hate.

Phed. Know in your abſence, Sir, the *Perſian* King
To me has made his heart an Offering.
And had I broke my Vows to you, I'de been
No longer, Sir, your Miſtreſs, but his Queen.
Then judge, Sir, whether I inconſtant prove,
Who for your ſake reject a Monarch's Love:
Since you now ſee I am below a Throne,
And have refus'd the proffers of a Crown.

Dar. You have too much my burden'd Soul o're-charg'd:
My guilt's too bad a theme to be enlarg'd.
But now I find my Crimes will have no end:
At once I've wrong'd my Miſtreſs, and my friend.
But you've ſo much of Heav'n, you can forgive. [*Kneels*

Phed. Yes, Sir, I could, could but *Theramnes* live.

Dar. I with my tears will waſh away my Crime:
With my loud ſorrows I'le reach Heav'n and him.
I'l pay ſuch Incenſe for my black offence,
Till I take whiteneſs from his Innocence.

Phed. Darius, riſe — his Pray'rs and Love's too ſtrong;
And I am too kind to be cruel long.

Dar. Thus you repeat thoſe Triumphs you have won,
Your mercy conquers as your eyes have done.

Phed.

Phed. But ſee you pay ſuch Honours to his Grave,
As may deſerve that pardon which I gave.
Dar. Since pray'rs nor tears cannot his Fate recall,
But ſo much Vertue by my hand muſt fall;
This to his duſt is but a lawful debt,
Who ſhin'd in glory ſhall in glory ſet.
I will erect new Trophies to his Fame,
What from his life I took, I'le pay his name.
Orind. My grief with yours, as Rivals, ſhall contend: [*To* Phed.
I have a Lover loſt, you but a Friend. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prexaſpes, *and* Mandana.

Prex. Can you refuſe *Cambyſes's* love, who wou'd
To purchaſe yours wade to new Crowns in blood?
'Tis ſtrange that he cannot your heart ſubdue,
To whom the Conqueſt of the World is due.
Mand. Thy Soul, and his, in this were Rivals ſtill;
You never overcome, but when you kill.
Prex. But, Madam, what I read in theſe fair eyes——
Has Poiſon in't. There's ſomething in that form,
Diſturbs my Soul, and does my courage ſtorm. ——
Madam, your Beauty. —— Oh, turn it away.
Should I on that bright object longer ſtay,
Lead by my wand'ring fires, I ſhould my ſenſes quit;
And loſe my ſelf by gazing after it —— [*Aſide.*
Madam —— [*Continuing his eyes fixt upon her.*
Mand. Is not your meſſage yet expreſt?
Prex. Your eyes won't give me leave to tell the reſt.
Mand. I muſt confeſs his love I would not hear:
Death's frowns I can, his ſmiles I cannot bear.
Prexaſpes, name no more *Cambyſes's* flame.
Prex. Then, Madam, I may tell him, in your name, ——
I am his Rival —— [*Aſide.*
Her ſubtle Darts have made my heart their Prize,
That ſure my Soul's tranſparent, as my eyes,
To let her Image in ——
But tell me, can your Breaſt ſo cruel prove,
To baniſh from your heart all thoughts of Love?

Mand.

Mand. Now my *Oſiris*, I remember thee. [*Aſide*] [*Sighs*

Prex. Her alter'd Viſage wears a Miſtery.
A broken ſigh, joyn'd with a fainting look!
Juſt ſo my love is't ſudden birth firſt took.
Her actions copy mine: ſure my diſeaſe
Infectious is, and does new Subjects ſeize.
For the ſame ſigns argue the ſame deſires:
Perhaps ſhe feels my pains, and meets my fires.
If ſo; thanks to my Stars. Since nobly you
My heart have won, ſo nobly uſe it too.
What, ſtart? you think it is *Cambyſes*. [*Aſide*

Mand. —— No.
Both thee, and thy inhumane deeds I know.
Could I but think, that Love could be a gueſt
To my black Soul, and harbour in thy breaſt;
The very name of Love 'twould odious make.

Prex. You muſt ſeem cruel for your honour's ſake.
No more of this —— [*Advancing towards her*

Mand. — Stand off. Your aim you miſs:
What, ſtoop to him that Murder'd *Amaſis*?

Prex. That was *Cambyſes*'s fault.

Mand. —— No, Slave, thy hand,
Thy hand did act what he did but command.

Prex. But his command did to your life extend,
Which I did from his cruelty defend;
And 'twas my favour that you did not dye.

Mand. No, barb'rous Villain, 'twas thy cruelty.
Ye ſacred pow'rs above, what was my guilt,
That with my Fathers blood mine was not ſpilt?
My Death Heav'ns fatal kindneſs did prevent,
Reſerving me for greater puniſhment.

Prex. What, can it be a puniſhment to reſt
In the protection of *Prexaſpes*'s breaſt?
It cannot be, *Mandana*. Come, I ſee
You've learnt the Female ſlights of Modeſty.

[*Advances up to her, and proffers to kiſs her hand, at which ſhe ſteps from him.*

What, a retreat?
As 'tis in Natures Laws, ſo 'tis in Love;
Th' effect's the ſame if th' Earth or Sun do move.

And

And ſo our Love the ſame effect procures,
If your heart move tow'rds mine, or mine tow'rds yours.
Come then —— [*Rudely ſtepping to her.*
Mand. This language, Sir, I cannot hear:
I can my Death, not thy addreſſes bear.
To thee *Mandana*'s breaſt thus kind can prove,
To entertain thy Sword, but not thy Love.
What, art thou ſlow, and doſt thou ſluggiſh ſtand,
When belov'd Murder does invite thy hand?
Prex. Captive, take heed leſt you provoke my hate:
'Tis but ill policy to tempt your fate.
You truſt my love, and therefore you preſume ——
But, Madam, know your ſcorn has chang'd your doom:
Nought but your Love your ruine ſhall recall:
For they who once from my high favour fall,
Never leave ſinking, till they reach their Graves.
Mand. 'Twixt Love and Rage, like meeting Tides, he raves.
That Death he threatens, gladly I'de obey:
That life I owe to *Amaſis*, I'de pay.
Yet *Amaſis* ——
Do but this fault (if it be one) forgive,
If for *Oſiris* I could wiſh to live. [*Aſide.*
Enter Cambyſes, *who meets* Prexaſpes *going off.*
Camb. Prexaſpes, is *Mandana* yet more kind?
Prex. I cannot meet her in ſo good a mind.
Camb. Since my late frowns and threatnings could not move
Your breaſt, I'le treat you with a milder love. [*To* Mand.
Prex. She thinks
I'm ſome tame Lover of the common ſort:
Whom they uſe cruelly to make 'em ſport:
No, ſhe ſhall find my Love does higher flye: [*Aſide*
I'le either teach her how to love, or dye. [*Exit*
Camb. I of my frowns a nobler uſe ſhould make,
To awe the trembling World, make Empires quake,
And check Heav'ns Thunder. 'Tis not fit my brow,
The terrour of the World, ſhould threaten you:
No, you ſhall find *Cambyſes*, for your ſake,
As mild and calm as Loves ſoft charms can make.
Mand. *Cambyſes*, no; rage, and be cruel ſtill.
Tyrants are only kind, then when they kill.

My Death's the only kindneſs you can do:
My life I hate, ſince 'tis preſerv'd by you.
Camb. Hold: You're ungrateful. Though you've cruel bin,
Thus, thus *Cambyſes* will your favour win.
You ſhall enjoy *Oſiris* — do not ſtart:
'Tis he alone that lodges in your heart.
To win your favour this brave deed I'le do;
Be cruel to my ſelf, and kind to you.
Fame ſhall no longer to the World impart,
That I want pow'r to win a Ladies heart:
For ſince all other means ſucceſleſs prove,
To gain your kindneſs I'le reſign my Love.
I to my Rival will with honour yield;
As the retreating *Parthians* win the field.
Oſiris, Madam, is for you decreed,
He is — I, and the Gods have ſo agreed.
Mand. Oh, now I fear —
Camb. Now for his Arms prepare.
Draw back that Curtain.

[*The Scene opens, and on a Table appears the Body of* Oſiris, *beheaded; and an Executioner with the head in a Veſſel of blood.*

Take your Lover — there.
Since you all leſſer offerings deſpiſe,
Take there, take there your Beauty's ſacrifice.
Mand. *Oſiris* murder'd! and can Heaven be
An idle gazer on his deſtiny?
Gods, can you ſuffer this, and yet lay claim
To this low'r World? or, is your Thunder tame,
To let the Tyrant live? are not y' afraid,
Who here below all Vertue has betray'd,
When there's none left on Earth he may purſue,
The next blow he intends, will be at you?
Oh, no, this ſtroke by your conſent was given,
To rob the World, to add new Stars to Heav'n. [*weeps*
O Tyrant — Tyrant is a name too good
For him whoſe Soul's ſo deeply ſtain'd in blood.
Inhumane Murd'rer, had you learnt the ſence
Of Vertue from *Oſiris*'s Innocence;
Or borrow'd ſo much bluſhes from his blood,
You had not rob'd the World of all that's good.

But,

But, Sir, I hope you don't this Vertue want, [*Sinking her voyce.*
But what you're pleas'd to promiſe you will grant.
You promis'd that *Mandana* ſhould this day
Enjoy *Oſiris*.
Camb. —— Ay, and ſo you may.
Mand. Tyrant, why then does not *Mandana* fall,
To mix her blood with his?
Camb. —— Madam, you ſhall;
Unleſs you inſtantly reſolve to prove
More juſt to the great *Perſian* Monarch's love.
Mand. I will do more than love, let but your breath
Pronounce my Fate, I'le thank you for my death:
And I'le embrace it too as your kind gift,
And th' only happineſs on Earth, —— that's left. [*weeps*
Come, in my Death let me your favour find ——
What, muſt *Mandana* court you to be kind? [*Raiſing her Voice*
I do conjure you ſtrike, by all your guilt,
Your cruelties, the blood your rage has ſpilt;
By all that ſacred debt of Love I owe
Oſiris; nay, and more, my hate to you.
What, are the furies vaniſht from your Soul?
What ſudden tameneſs does your Arm controul?
Or is your fierceneſs calm'd, your rage ſubdu'd,
Stifled with Murders, and o're-cloy'd with blood?
My Vertues are not ripe enough t'afford
A Subject for a bloody Tyrant's Sword. [*weeps*
Camb. Since Death would ſuch a ſignal favour be,
You ſhall wait longer for your deſtiny.
Monarchs ſhould not their favours raſhly place,
But ——
Conſider e're they paſs their Acts of Grace.
No, you ſhall live, and live till you have known
The influence of an angry Monarch's frown.
Your tears ſhall otherwiſe be imploy'd, to mourn,
That your pride durſt *Cambyſes*'s favour ſcorn. [*Exit*
Mand. I dare not look (my Soul's ſo much amaz'd)
Where I before for ever could have gaz'd.
Oh, that I could but weep away my ſight,
To ſhare with thee in an eternal Night!
Or, that I could but melt in tears away;
That when our riſing Sun proclaims the day,

With Morning dew I by his Rays might be
Exhal'd, and ſnatcht up to his Heav'n, and thee. [*Exit*

Act. IV. Scena Prima.

The Scene drawn, Cambyſes *is diſcover'd ſeated in a Chair ſleeping: The Scene repreſenting a ſteep Rock, from the top of which deſcends a large Cloud, which opening, various ſhapes of Spirits appear ſeated in form of a Council, to whom a more glorious* Spirit *deſcends half way, ſeated on a Throne; at which, the former Spirits riſe and Dance: In the midſt of the Dance ariſes a Woman with a Dagger in her hand; at which the Scene ſhuts.*

In the time of this Repreſentation this Song is ſung from within, as ſuppos'd, by Spirits.

YE *ſubtle pow'rs that rule below,*
Only where horrour dwells,
Whoſe deep dark Cells
Admit no other light,
Then that by which you mortal Fates do write,
Th' events of all your knowledge does foreknow.
The Prince *of Fate's already ſet,*
That Prince *who does in Conſtellations write*
Thoſe glorious Characters of light,
The deſtinies of all that's great.
Chorus. *To Council then, to Council ſtrait,*
With all your Miniſters of State,
T' attend the high decrees of Fate.

[Cambyſes *riſes from his Chair, as newly waking,*
(*and ſeems diſorder'd.*

Camb. A Fatal Dagger, and a Womans hand!
Enter to him Prexaſpes.

Prex. This Night, great Sir, your preſence does demand.
'Tis now th' appointed hour, your Forces wait
To gain admiſſion at the Weſtern Gate.

Sir,

Sir, you forget your ſelf; one moments ſtay,
Hazards your Crown, and loſes you the day.
Camb. Tell me no more of hazards, nor of Crowns. ——
Cambyſes threaten'd by a Woman's frowns!
Prex. Remember, Sir, your Honour 'tis does call,
Your Empire's ſafety, and th' Impoſtor's fall,
And now's the time. What can you tardy be,
To wait on Triumph?
Camb. —— Let Triumph wait on me.
I will not go.
Prex. —— Not go! what pow'rful cauſe
Can force your courage to retreat, or pauſe!
Or can you leiſure for debate afford,
When Conqueſt, and revenge invites your Sword?
Camb. No, I ſhall meet my Fate; but thanks to Heav'n,
My Friends above have timely notice giv'n.
Prex. Ha! meet his Fate! he dreams of Treaſon too.
Some ceremonious God has told him ſo.
Can you fear dangers, or can dangers be
An envious Cloud 'twixt you, and Victorie?
Or is the pow'r of Heav'n ſo dreadful grown,
That fearing that, you can forget your own?
No, Sir, you muſt this glorious deed fulfil:
Let Gods be Gods, you are *Cambyſes* ſtill.
[*Seeing* Cambyſes *make no anſwer, he proceeds.*
But ſince you're with Prophetick thoughts poſſeſt:
What myſtick fears have thus diſturb'd your breaſt? [*Aſide*
Camb. My lab'ring fancy led me to the brow
Of a ſteep Rock, that ſhaded all below;
From thence I ſaw a low-hung Cloud appear,
Swoln big with miſts, and loaded with the Air:
Which with ingender'd Tempeſts ſeem'd to roar;
Reel'd, ſunk, and ſtagger'd with the weight it bore.
A num'rous iſſue from its bowels flew;
Whilſt the Cloud broke, and melted to a dew:
In which the wanton Spirits bath'd and plaid,
And greedily upon their Mother prey'd:
Then from above ——
I ſaw the Prince of Fates his Arm diſplay:
Lightning and Thunder uſher'd in his way.

His

His Scepter mov'd, bow'd his Imperial head;
The lower Fates with Reverence obey'd.
Their Volumns inſtantly were brought, and he
Op'ning the Fatal Legend, pitcht on me.
Then, in the Councel a diſpute did grow,
Whether *Cambyſes* mortal were, or no.
But they in vain their arguments did bring,
The Prince of Fates ſaid, No; I was a King.
Strait in the midſt I ſaw a Woman ſtand,
Graſping a bloody Dagger in her hand.
She by her looks their Sentence did condemn;
And by her poſture threaten'd me, and them.
Then, as I walked, methought, I ſaw the dart
Snatcht from her hand, and level'd at my heart.
Prex. And can a dream *Cambyſes*'s ſpirits daunt;
Riddles as dark as are the Nights they haunt?
Your groundleſs jealouſies unjuſt appear;
Thus greateſt Valours ſmalleſt dangers fear:
As Lyons tremble at a ſpark of fire.
Shall it be ſaid, *Cambyſes* did retire,
Or ſhrink from that brave cauſe he ſhould maintain?
Dreams are but th' unſhap'd Monſters of the brain;
And Monſter-like ſhould only be abhor'd.
No more delays, you muſt imploy your Sword.
Camb. Urge me no more.
Should I to *Suſa* go, Fate has deſign'd
I from a Woman's hand my death ſhould find.
Are theſe your ſtratagems? you had forgot
To keep your projects cloſe; I'le ſpoil your plot.
My pow'r has o're their policy this odds;
I'le ſtay at home, and diſappoint the Gods.
I'le baffle their Divinity. And ſince
They have reſolv'd it, I'le my Stars convince.
Their borrow'd influence common Fates may ſway;
Cambyſes has a greater pow'r than they.
Stars are like Galley ſlaves, chain'd to a ſphear,
And Subject-like only Heav'ns Vaſſals are,
To move by Laws, act what th' higher pow'r decrees:
I can move where I will, act what I pleaſe.
Cambyſes rules *Cambyſes*'s deſtiny:
Nor am I taught how to obey, or dye.

Prexaſpes,

Prexaſpes, ſee *Mandana* hither brought:
I'le by my Love divert this ſullen thought.
Prex. And muſt a Dream his Sanctuary be,
Protected by this Ridling Prophecy?
No, though his ſtay has my deſigns o're-thrown:
I'le take his Life though I expoſe my own. [*Aſide*] [*Exit.*
Camb. Though they have thus foretold my deſtiny,
Perhaps my Stars have dreamt as well as I.
[Prexaſpes *enters with* Mandana, *and Exit.*
Mandana, you've my reſolution heard;
The choice is eaſie, ſpeak, are you prepar'd
To be my Miſtreſs, or my Sacrifice?
Mand. When 'tis your Royal pleaſure, Sir, ſhe dyes:
Camb. No, no, I will a milder ſentence give:
It is my Royal pleaſure you ſhould live;
And live in my embraces too.
Mand. —— In his ——
In his embrace that murder'd *Amaſis*!
And more, that bloody Tyrant that decreed
Oſiris's cruel Fate, that barb'rous deed;
A deed enough t' infect the breath of Fame:
At which thy leſſer treaſons loſe their name.
Camb. And am I dallied with? your doom is ſeal'd:
Cambyſes's ſentence cannot be repeal'd.
Prepare to love or dye; chooſe, and be free,
My ſpeedy kindneſs, or my cruelty.
Mand. Your cruelty my courage cannot bear,
Mandana then will in your kindneſs ſhare.
I bluſh to ſay I offer up my heart;
But yet obedience is a Captives part. [*Paſſionately.*
Camb. Welcome kind Princeſs: all the pow'rs above
Shall envy at your kindneſs, and my love.
If there be any pow'rs above my own:
For they that call 'emſelves the Gods, have none.
For if they had ——
They had not to mankind this favour giv'n,
T' enjoy a bleſſing greater than their Heav'n.
We Princes to our ſelves our greatneſs owe;
They are but Kings above, we Gods below.
Now you are kind.

Mand.

Mand. And why are not you ſo?

Camb. Can you my kindneſs doubt? no, you ſhall find
'Tis you alone have taught me to be kind.
With the next Sun, you ſhall your Reign begin;
To morrow you ſhall be proclaim'd my Queen.

Mand. No, Sir, that is not all ——

Camb. —— Oh, 'tis not all,
Her love does for a ſtricter kindneſs call.
The night, the night, Love's chief Triumphant hour,
When bluſhes o're our pleaſures have no pow'r:
When Lovers revel in each others Arms,
Confining to one Circle all their charms
To an embrace. This to your Beauty's due,
Firſt, I will Crown our Loves, and then Crown you.

Mand. Oh, no, Sir, this is but a barren grant:
I ſtill the crowning of my wiſhes want.
The favour I would have, is this — to dye.

[*Raiſing her voice at the two laſt words*

Tyrant, your Love's the greateſt cruelty.
Cambyſes, no, you do miſtake my part;
'Tis thus alone I'l offer up my heart;
Not to your luſt, but Fury's Sacrifice.
Command my Death: then though your Sword denies,
On Earth that Empire which my birth had giv'n;
Mandana will commence her Reign in Heav'n,
With my *Oſiris*, in that glorious ſeat
Where cruelty, and Tyrants never meet.

Camb. How, Captive, am I ſcorn'd, and ſcornd by you?
To ſhew what injur'd Majeſty can do,
Your death to this diſpute an end ſhall bring,
I'le act no more your Lover, but your King.
Your Beauty ſhall no more my Arm controul,
I'le find a nobler paſſage to your Soul.

[*Proffers to draw his Sword to kill her.*

Mand. *Cambyſes*, hold! come, I will milder be;
My kindneſs ſhall prevent your cruelty. [*Kindly.*

Camb. Then uſe me thus no more, and you ſhall know
What Heav'n and Monarchs when they're pleas'd can do.

Mand. Your Sword for nobler Actions is deſign'd:
To you then, and my ſelf I'le now be kind.

I'le

I'le rob you of my Death —— [*Draws his Dagger.*
—— *Cambyſes*, no, [*Raiſes her voice.*
Your Sword, Sir, ſhall not condeſcend ſo low,
To be a Womans Executioner,
My hand alone that guilty ſtain ſhall bear:
Rather then let a King that guilt contract,
Mandana her own murd'rers part will act.
In dying thus her kindneſs will be ſhown,
She'l ſave your honour, and defend her own.
Now Tyrant, dare to violate her fame,
To ſtain her vertue, or to force her ſhame; [*Pointing the Dagger*
This, this, ſhall guard her from your injuries, (*to her own breaſt.*
For when her Honour you attempt, ſhe dyes.

Enter Prexaſpes.

Prex. Welcome this happy opportunity; [*Aſide.*
Mandana, hold, you rob the World, and me.
[*Runs to her, and ſnatches the Dagger from her hand.*
And to my Gracious Sovereign I bring
This Preſent, as a Subject's offering — [*Advancing to* Cambyſes,
(*as if he deſign'd to preſent him the Dagger.*
Your Death, proud Tyrant —— dye; *Cambyſes* dye. [*Stabs him.*
Camb. And by *Prexaſpes*'s hand!
[*Proffering to reſiſt, but ſinks in his Chair.*
Prex. —— Yes, Sir, 'tis I.
Mand. Oh, Murderer! help! Guards.
Prex. —— That will not do:
Madam, the Guards are ſafe, and ſo are you.
Camb. Ungrateful Traytor, muſt my Glory be
Unravel'd by ſo baſe a Slave as thee?
Did I for this my favours thus diſpence,
And give thee being by my influence?
Prex. Ay, Sir, and 'twas from you I underſtood
This dext'rous way of letting Monarchs Blood.
Camb. Oh, that I could but ſo much pow'r recall,
As but to riſe, and cruſh thee in my fall. [*Proffering to riſe, but cannot.*
Or borrow ſo much kindneſs from my blood,
To ſwell ſo high to drown thee in a flood;
Oh had I ſo much poiſon in my breath,
At once both to pronounce, and give thee death.

I would revenge my wrongs — but 'tis too late:
And Heav'n it ſelf is a Confederate.
I do forget 'twas by your wills decreed,
I by that Dagger, and that hand ſhould bleed.
But ſince, ye Gods, ye did my Fate proclaim,
And raviſht from me both my life and fame,
To let me tamely fall; may you purſue
That juſt revenge which is to murder due.
But if you fail to right my wrongs, and me,
May you want Temples, Altars, Flames, and be
From Homage, and from Sacrifice debar'd;
And, that which makes you Gods, be never fear'd —
My paſſion with my blood now milder flows:
Your dying Prince for your laſt pardon ſues:
[*To* Mandana *ſinking his voice.*
Now all your ſcorn and cruelty muſt ceaſe;
Death, that diſarms my Love, concludes its peace. [*He dyes.*
Mand. His unjuſt Fate has o're my wrongs prevail'd;
Farewell, dead Prince, death has thy pardon ſeal'd:
Though thou wert wicked, yet thou wert a King.
But, Traytor, whence did thy black fury ſpring: [*To* Prex.
Who in your Prince's blood your hands embrue?
Prex. Madam, his Death muſt copyed be by you.
Now is the time, proud Girl, in which I'le prove
The juſt Revenger of my injur'd Love.
[*Holding the Dagger towards her breaſt.*
Since you a greater Tyrant are then he,
'Tis juſt that you ſhould ſhare his deſtiny.

Enter Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban.

Otan. 'Tis ſome ſtrange cauſe our King thus long has ſtaid.
Prex. Return'd ſo ſuddenly! ha! I'm betray'd.
Yet my Revenge I'le end —— [*Goes to ſtab* Mandana.
Dar. —— *Prexaſpes*, hold, [*Stays him.*
What unſhap'd fury makes your Arm thus bold?
Prex. The King, the King —
Dar. Otan. and Artab. Speak, what!
Prex. —— There murder'd lyes:
Oh, Fatal blow both to our hearts and his! [*Weeps.*
Dar. and Otan. Cambyſes Murder'd!

Prex.

Prex. —— Oh, inhumane deed,
For which all *Perſia*, with our King, does bleed! [*Weeps*
See here the Fatal Dagger, and ſee there
Mandana's hand, *Cambyſes's* murderer. [*Weeps again.*
Oh, horrour, envious Heav'n!
Dar. — *Mandana's* hand
In your great Monarch's bloody Murder ſtain'd!
Mand. Perfidious Lyar, muſt my innocence
Be thus abus'd, and made thy Crime's defence?
Ye Gods!
Prex. What does ſhe mean!
The diſmal horror of a deed ſo foul
Has rais'd ſo black a Cloud over her Soul;
That ſhe forgets the Royal blood ſhe ſpilt,
Stifled and ſtupify'd with her own guilt.
What fury made you this black deed purſue, [*To* Mandana.
'Gainſt him that had no fault, — but Loving you?
How could your hand —— [*Weeps.*
Mand. How can your impudence
Accuſe *Mandana* of your own offence?
Did not thy hand, thy hand, proud Traytor, give
That wound he from no other could receive?
None but thy hand that curſed deed durſt do,
To ſhake all *Perſia* at one Fatal blow.
Otan. Ha! this ſtrange parley and diſpute does breed
More wonder than the ſtrangeneſs of the deed.
Prexaſpes, let the ſtory then be told,
That may this cruel Miſtery unfold.
Prex. Know then, my Lords, entring this fatal place
I ſaw diſtraction painted in a face,
'Twixt guilt and horrour; as I nearer drew,
By this faint light I ſtrait *Mandana* knew.
I ſaw her in a trembling poſture ſtand,
Graſping this bloody Dagger in her hand.
Twas then, 'twas then my eyes the Night abhorr'd,
The night which did her guilty ſhades affor'd
To that black deed, at which our riſing Sun
Muſt bluſh to ſee what her bold hand has done. [*Weeps.*
Then from her hand I ſtrait the Dagger ſnatcht,
And ſoon a ſpeedy juſtice had diſpatcht;

But that your entrance did my Arm reſtrain;
And ſtay my zeal to my dead Sovereign. *Weeps.*
Elſe I'ad perform'd the ſecond Tragick part,
Righting his wrongs upon his murd'rers heart.

Mand. O, perjur'd Slave! dare you tempt Heav'n, and know
The Gods and Juſtice have a pow'r below?
Thus to out-face their vengeance?

Prex. Ha! was this murder then a baſtard guilt,
To father thus on me that blood ſhe ſpilt?
But I forget, they who dare kill their King,
Want not the face to dare ſay any thing.
Well, ſince I muſt my Loyalty diſpute,
Let this, my Lords, all jealouſies confute. [*Shews them the Dagger.*

Dar. *Mandana's* Dagger! oh, prodigious Fate!

Otan. The ſacred Relique of th' *Egyptian* State,
Worn by ſucceſſion from their Kings of old:
Of which their Prieſts a wond'rous riſe have told;
Which their Religious Legends do pretend
God *Ammon* did to their firſt Monarch ſend;
Which ſince has by his Heirs been kept, to be
A Badge of the *Egyptian* Majeſty.

Prex. What caus'd her rage is plainly underſtood;
The deep reſentments of her Father's blood,
Her Lovers Death, and her loſt Crown; and more,
The hate ſhe to *Cambyſes's* Paſſion bore.

Dar. *Mandana* ——
Oh, ye Gods, that men ſhould be
So much miſtaken in Divinity!
Who could have thought, that ſhe who is adorn'd
With Divine Beauty, has a Soul deform'd?

Otan. Guards, there within.
Oh, Madam, have you ſo ill underſtood
The tyes of Majeſty, and your high blood?
To ſhed his blood, and thus prophane your own;
Remembring that your ſelf were born t' a Throne?

Enter Guards.

But now, forgive me, Madam, that I muſt
To our dead King, and to our Laws be juſt.
Impute my Rigour to my Loyalty,
That forces me to tell you, you muſt dye.

Mand.

Mand. To ſhew how gladly I accept that breath,
I'le rob you of the ſentence of my Death.
Guards, I'm your Priſoner. Conduct me ſtrait
There where *Mandana* may embrace her Fate:
Death is the only happineſs I court.

Prex. The plot was well then, ſince ſhe likes the ſport. [*Aſide.*

Mand. *Oſiris*, now fate has this favour giv'n,
To let me dye, to viſit thee, and Heav'n.
Yet though the name of Death has made me proud,
When I am dead may Heav'n remove the Cloud:
And may my better Stars reſtore my fame
To its firſt whiteneſs, that my injur'd name
May grow unſullied, as my Innocence.

Dar. And may kind Heav'n forgive you your offence.
The mildneſs, Madam, of your Death ſhall ſhow
What pity we to ſuch perfections owe.
Conduct her ſafely there where ſhe may be [*To the Guards.*
Debar'd from nothing elſe but Liberty;
Until her Death your Office ſhall diſcharge.

Mand. Until her Death ſhall her freed Soul enlarge.
I come, *Oſiris*, and may ſome kind Star,
That ſmiles on Lovers, guide me to thy ſphear.
There our divided Souls ſhall meet, and be
A part of the Cœleſtial Harmony. [*Exit, lead out by Guards.*

Dar. The Fates are ſtill malignant to the great:
They riſe in glory, but in blood they ſet.
[*Exeunt* Artaban, *and Guards, bearing out* Cambyſes.

Otan. The aſhes of a King's no common duſt:
Nor is it fit their memories ſhould ruſt.
It is not juſt *Cambyſes*'s wrongs ſhould be
Idly recorded to Poſterity.
Since the World needs his injuries muſt hear;
They ſhall be utter'd in the voice of War.
His Empire's freedom, and th' Impoſtor's fall,
Summons our courage, and to Arms does call.
But ſince his Brother by your hand did bleed; [*To* Prex.
Before we further in this cauſe proceed,
'Tis juſt we firſt from you more fully know
When 'twas, and where you gave that Fatal blow.
Surpriz'd! [Prexaſpes *ſtarts.*

Prex.

Prex. It needs my wonder muſt create,
Never to know, and yet to act his fate.
Otan. Did you not hear it from our Kings own breath,
And yet are ignorant of *Smerdis*'s death?
Prex. By all that's true, no more to me is known,
Then that he lives, and wears the *Perſian* Crown.
Dar. Can we believe *Cambyſes* would diſclaim
His only Heir, that ſhould preſerve his name?
Beſides, it againſt Natures Laws would be
T' accuſe himſelf of a falſe Cruelty.
Prex. The Laws of Nature, and the tyes of blood,
Are things *Cambyſes* never underſtood.
No, 'twas his Brother that he would deſtroy;
He envied him that Crown he did enjoy.
He then would have you that revenge perſue,
Which now Death will not give him leave to do.
Smerdis ſtill lives, — but you a War muſt bring,
And out of Loyalty depoſe your King.
Take heed ——
Otan. We know too well, *Cambyſes*'s breaſt
Was ſway'd by paſſion, and falſe Intereſt.
But could he before you and us declare,
You were his Brother *Smerdis*'s Murderer?
If it were falſe, he could not but ſuſpect,
To clear your ſelf, you would his guilt detect.
Prex. Then, to convince you, I with ſhame confeſs
My Loyalty was great, and Vertue leſs.
To quench his thirſt I blood too oft have ſpilt,
The confident and actor of his guilt.
And he might think who blood for him had ſhed,
Would not refuſe, barely to ſay, I did.
Thus he t' aſſure you of his Brothers death,
Took this advantage to confirm your faith.
He knew ———
Rather then any ſtain his fame ſhould touch,
I would ſay any thing, who had done ſo much.
Otan. We are convinc'd ——
Dar. Long may thy Brother live, and live to be
Heir to thy Conqueſts, but not Cruelty.

Prex.

Prex. Prexaſpes, well, by Treaſons thou didſt grow;
They made thee great, and ſhall preſerve thee ſo. [*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda. *Scene, the Pallace.*

Enter Smerdis, *and* Pataſithes.

Smerd. *Cambyſes* dead!
The Heav'ns themſelves two Suns at once can't bear:
Nor Earth below, two Monarchs in one Sphear.
Perſia's too narrow both for him and me,
His glory's ſhrunk, to give mine liberty.
Pat. No doubt, 'tis to *Prexaſpes* that you owe
Your Empires ſafety in this happy blow.
Smerd. To him the deed, but to my ſelf the cauſe:
State-intereſt binds ſtronger then State-laws.
With ſuch high proffers I've oblig'd his truſt,
As can do more then make a Stateſman juſt.
You know I've promis'd him the *Median* Crown,
I give him Honours to ſecure my own.
We Monarchs to our ſelves our Fortunes owe:
Our Agents act but what we bribe 'em to.
Poor Mortals thus may the Gods honour raiſe,
By building Temples to exalt their praiſe.
But 'tis the Gods themſelves that do afford
Thoſe Mortals breath, by which they are ador'd.

Enter to them Prexaſpes.

My beſt of Friends. [*Embraces* Prex.
Prex. — Next to *Cambyſes*. He
Leaves you his Empire for a Legacy.
Knowing how weighty Crowns and Scepters are,
I've been ſo kind to eaſe him of that care.
But, Sir, he did before his death convince
His Nobles, that you were not the true Prince.
But by ſuch Art I did their Storm aſſwage,
That for the preſent I have calm'd their Rage.
And in your cauſe ſuch Arguments did bring,
That they believe you Brother to our King.
But, Sir, you know that Stateſmens jealouſie
Does only ſleep, then when it ſeems to dye.

At each diſtaſte, and ev'ry ſmall miſtake,
Their Jealouſie when 'tis diſturb'd, will wake;
And then their fury will break forth in deeds:
You are not ſafe then whilſt they wear their Heads.
Smerd. 'Tis not conſiſtent with my Empire's good,
To ſtain my name with the chief *Perſian* blood.
Pat. He by mild deeds muſt repreſent the King,
Subtle as *Serpents*, but without their ſting.
Smerd. That Act would ſeem too cruel; the ſame Arts
That won 'em, muſt preſerve my Subjects hearts.
Prex. To ſave your Honour then that deed I'le do.
Smerd. Name it, my ſafety ſhall depend on you.
Prex. *Theramnes*'s late concealment gives you juſt
Suſpition of his Loyalty, and truſt.
If then your pleaſure would confer that grace,
To conſtitute me Gen'ral in his place;
I will invite 'em to my Tent; as they
For th' entertainment all their Heads ſhall pay.
Then to ſuppreſs all future mutinies
That may from this Tyrannick Act ariſe,
Their Deaths I'le publiſh, and the cauſe proclaim,
Forging ſuch hainous *Treaſons* in their name,
Perſia ſhall do no leſs than think it juſt;
And to my juſtice, as their Guardian, truſt.
Smerd. But grant the *Perſians* ſhould not think it ſo;
But th' Act condemn.
Prex. —— Do you condemn it too.
And if your Subjects murmur, or Rebell,
'Cauſe by my hands the *Perſian* Princes fell;
Then inſtantly, to ſatisfie their rage,
And ſhew you did not in my guilt engage,
Degrade me from my office, and inflict
All puniſhments that may ſeem juſt and ſtrict:
And I'le ſubmit to th' Sentence; thus you'l ſeem
As far from the conſent, as from the crime.
Smerd. Well, your Commiſſion ſhall be forthwith ſign'd,
My Army's conduct to your charge reſign'd.
Prex. May Heav'n ſucceſs to *Perſia's* Crown afford
Whilſt you the Scepter bear ——
Smerd. —— And you the Sword. [*Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Tertia. *Scene changes to the Garden.*

Enter Phedima *and* Orinda.

Phed. Siſter, you now can by experience prove
What lately you defi'd, the pow'r of Love.
'Tis ſtrange the dead *Theramnes* ſhould obtain
That Conqueſt, whom alive you did diſdain.
What raſh infection does your Soul invade,
That you, who ſcorn'd him living, court his ſhade?
A love like yours was never heard before:
T' embrace his memory, and name adore.

Orind. Siſter, ſince I have all aſſaults withſtood,
He by no common force my heart ſubdu'd.
Such glorious pains my captive Soul endures:
My Love's beyond ſuch abject thoughts as yours.
Your humble paſſions court each fond deſire,
And your Breaſts tamely of themſelves take fire.
You make your hearts too mean a Sacrifice,
Taking infection from your Lovers eyes.
He did more nobly to my heart aſpire:
He gave me fewel e're he gave me fire.
His Wounds, his Death, his Glory, and his Fame,
They mov'd my pity, and that rais'd my flame:
Nay, of his Love he nobler proofs has giv'n;
When his late wounds had made him ripe for Heav'n,
His dying breath, before his Soul retir'd,
Bequeath'd his love to me, and then expir'd.
His dying breath his paſſion did proclaim;
Thus Phœnix-like, expiring in a Flame.
Then 'tis but juſt that I ſhould faithful be,
Thus to preſerve ſo brave a Legacy.

Phed. But your affection is from hopes debar'd:
When you can love, and not expect reward.
Love's kindneſſes are lent, not giv'n; for when
There is no hopes to be repaid agen,
It ſhould expire. Dead Lovers bankrupt prove,
Death does exempt 'em from all debts of love.

Orind. No, love is ſeated in their Souls, and they
With them their paſſions to the Skyes convey.

For when kind Heav'n does entertain their Souls,
And to the ſacred liſt of Stars enrowls,
In Heav'n they pay thoſe debts on Earth they owe:
They ſhine and ſmile on us that ſtay below.
They ſtill their loves and favours do diſpenſe,
Acting their kindneſs in their influence.
And when in Heav'n we both together meet;
There we our tyes for ever ſhall unite.
No objects then my paſſion ſhall remove,
Till it grows up to an immortal love.
Pled. Siſter, till now I thought there could not be
A love like mine, but you out-rival me. ——
But ſtay, my Father's here; let us retire,
And there hear out the paſſion I admire. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta. *Scene Continues.*

Enter Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban, *Attended.*
Otan. 'Tis ſtrange! our entrance to the King deny'd!
Dar. Now my prophetick fears our doubts decide!
He durſt not give us entrance, ſince he knows
He to his being unſeen his ſafety owes.
Otan. Then muſt we to his pow'r obedience yield,
As men to unknown Gods do Temples build?
Let dull and credulous ignorance advance
Faith and Religion, not Allegiance.
Muſt we be only govern'd by a name?
Enter to them Prexaſpes *with Guards: the Guards ſtand off at a diſtance, unſeen by* Otanes *and* Darius.
Prex. *Prexaſpes* muſt *Prexaſpes*'s Crimes proclaim.
And now, my Lords, I do confeſs my guilt,
The blood of *Smerdis* by my hand was ſpilt.
And 'tis th' Impoſtor that Uſurps the Throne.
Otan. And dare *Prexaſpes* his bold Treaſons own?
Prex. Yes, Sir, he dares; and thank Heav'n too, that thus
Has by my Treaſons made me glorious.
Though my late fear did make my duty fail,
And from your knowledge *Smerdis*'s Death conceal;
Now I'm above the fear of puniſhment.
I dare my guilt confeſs, and crimes repent.

Smerdis.

Smerdis by me was murder'd.

Dar. —— And by you
Smerdis th' Impoſtor is protected too.

Prex. My Lords, he is: and I ſo high am grown,
To be advanc'd and rais'd next to his Throne.
View here what large extent my pow'r affords: [*Shews his Commiſſion.*
Their Arms are mine, and all the *Perſian* Swords.
Be not ſurpriz'd at this, I ne're before,
[*Points to his Guards, at which the Lords ſtart.*
Till now, my Lords, The Sword of Juſtice bore.
Thus I proclaim that Juſtice I deſign,
'Tis your command ſhall rule their Swords, and mine.

Otan. Your gen'rous proffer does ſurprize us more,
Then the ſtrange news of your large pow'r before.

Prex. But you ſhall wonder more at what I'le do,
When I am lead by Loyalty, and you.

Dar. But by what Arts have you th' Impoſtor won?

Prex. By the ſame Arts I'le pluck him from his Throne.
Since my guilt did from *Smerdis*'s blood ariſe,
I'le make his Rival's blood his Sacrifice.
The nobleſt Valour from Allegiance ſprings:
Who was the fall, will be the riſe of Kings:

Otan. Juſtice and Glory in this Act will joyn:
And as your Seconds in this brave deſign,
Our Lives and Fortunes ſhall aſſiſtant be,
To th' height of Courage, and of Loyalty:

Prex. In order that we may this deed fulfil,
We firſt will execute th' Impoſtor's will,
Cambyſes's ſolemn Exequies: whilſt all
Our Army waits upon his Funeral,
And all the *Perſian* Subject's wand'ring eyes
Are idly fixt on our Solemnities;
Then to the height we our deſign will bring;
Proclaiming you the *Perſian* Heir, and King; [*To* Otan.
And *Smerdis* the Uſurper; then ſurprize
The Royal Palace, the Impoſtor ſeize;
The City Gates, the Tow'r, and Forts ſecure:
All that may ſtrengthen or enlarge our pow'r.
And in one moment all their force ſuppreſs
That ſhall oppoſe our glory, and ſucceſs:

And by this brave deſign we in one day
Shall Conquer, and redeem all *Perſia.*

Dar. 'Tis bravely ſpoken, now you're worthy grown
To be proclaimd Protector of a Crown.

Prex. But one thing, Sirs, muſt not eſcape your ears;
You are the only men that *Smerdis* fears.
But I, to carry on our juſt deſign,
And that we might without ſuſpition joyn,
Aſſur'd him that your Faiths I did convince,
That you believ'd him the true *Perſian* Prince;
I told him you were Loyal, and you wou'd
In his defence venture your States, and blood.
Pretending then 'twill with his glory ſtand,
T' unite both Armies under one command;
It is his pleaſure that you ſhould reſign
Both your Commiſſions, and ſubſcribe to mine.

Otan. Still we expected this; 'tis his pretence,
To force us to a blind obedience.

Prex. I therefore in compliance think it fit
You to the Tyrant's pleaſure ſhould ſubmit,
Leaſt he ſuſpect your Loyalty, and mine;
And by that means we fruſtrate our deſign.
Not that I'de have you think that 'tis my aim
To rob your glories to enlarge my fame.
No, all that I aſpire to, is, to be
The Author of an Empire's Liberty.

Otan. We yield, and hope, reſigning our command,
We do but place it in a Nobler hand.

[*Both give him their Commiſſions.*

Prex. And with your Arms I will your Trophies raiſe:
The Conqueſt ſhall be mine, the Triumph yours.
As men build Temples not for their own praiſe,
But dedicate them to ſome higher pow'rs.

Dar. Go inſtantly to our chief Officers, [*To his own Train.*
Tell them that 'tis the *Perſian* King's deſign,
Conſulting both his Intereſt and theirs,
Both Armies ſhould under one Conduct joyn.
And bid them, in our Prince's name, and ours,
Proclaim *Prexaſpes* Gen'ral of our pow'rs.

[*Exeunt all the Trains of* Otanes *and* Darius.

Prex.

Prex. Now to aſſure you that this high command
Is not plac'd idly in *Prexaſpes*'s hand,
I'le give you this firſt tryal of my pow'r;
Guards, ſeize thoſe Traytors —
[*Guards ſeize* Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban.
—— 'Tis your fatal hour;
Your Stars will have it ſo.
Otan. Dar. and Artab. Hold your rude hands. [*To the Guards.*
Prex. You do forget reſigning your Commands:
You muſt obey.
Dar. —— Inhumane Treachery!
Otan. Falſe Traytor to the *Perſian* blood, and me.
All. Unhand us, Villains.
Prex. —— Sirs, it is too late:
You have no time to dally with your Fate.
Your Heads muſt off, and I muſt ſee it done;
My Lords, you all ſhall ſet before our Sun.
On my command let your obedience wait: [*To the Guards.*
Conduct them to th' appointed Scene of Fate.
I'l add this honour to your deſtiny, [*To them.*
Prexaſpes will in Perſon ſee you dye.
Otan. Are we your paſtime?
Dar. Bold Traytor, how can you ſo ſavage be,
To act, and then to ſmile at cruelty?
Prex. No more, be ſerious, I've no time for ſport:
Conſider that your dates of Life are ſhort.
Otan. Perfidious Murderer, and may juſt Heav'n ——
Prex. Be gone, perform that charge which I have giv'n.
[*Exeunt* Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban, *forced out by the Guards.*
Since both Commiſſions now are in my hand,
And I do all the *Perſian* Arms command;
Thoſe Swords which are committed to my truſt,
Prexaſpes will take care ſhall never ruſt. [*Exit.*

Act.

Act. V. Scena Prima.

The Scene drawn, Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban *appear bound and Chain'd in a dark Priſon.*

Otan. PRexaſpes! Oh, tame eaſie faiths, that we
Could truſt that ſavage *Scythian's* Loyalty;
A Monſter worſe than *Africk* ever bred:
Whoſe Breaſt, like Deſarts, is inhabited
By nought but poyſons.
Dar. Your miſtake does ſeem
Rather a gallant Vertue, than a Crime.
For in great minds this gen'rous inſtinct rules;
They by their own Copy all others Souls;
Acting like thoſe diſeaſes, where the eye
In its own colours does all objects dye.
Enter Prexaſpes.
Prex. My Lords, the King is gracious, and hath ſent
To try how you can brook Impriſonment.
Otan. Impriſonment we think our greateſt bliſs:
There we can ſee neither thy Crimes nor his.
Prex. Am I by thoſe that wear my Chains contemn'd?
I thank ye, Sirs, ye have your ſelves condemn'd.
Guards, there within.
Dar. —— Yes, Traytor, thou ſhalt ſee
That we deſpiſe our Deaths as much as thee.
Enter Guards, and Executioner.
Otan. Muſt we not know the cauſe for which we fall?
Prex. The cauſe! ha ha —— Yes, Sir, you ſhall.
It is *Prexaſpes's* pleaſure you ſhould dye.
Dar. Is this the Juſtice of your Cruelty?
Prex. Juſtice! Juſtice is but the breath of pow'r,
When ev'ry riſing King, and Conquerour
Does make that Juſtice, which his pow'r makes Laws:
My pow'r proclaims the juſtice of my cauſe.

And

And in your deaths my pleaſure I fulfil;
'Tis juſt you dye —— to ſatisfie my will.
Otan. Is then your thirſt of blood the only cauſe?
Prex. Theſe idle interruptions make a pauſe
Only to give you breath: for dye you muſt:
And it is juſt you dye —— becauſe 'tis juſt.
Artab. And is this all?
Prex. —— I can ſome reaſons ſhow;
You're Traytors to your King and Countrey too.
You, Sir, have twice attempted to ſet fire
On *Suſa*. You, *Darius*, did conſpire
To ſeize the Palace and the Treaſury.
You, *Otanes*, have ſworn Confed'racy
With *Perſia's* Enemy, the *Scythian* King.
All theſe, and other Treaſons I could bring ——
But you ſhall dye; then to the World they all
Shall publiſht be to juſtifie your fall.
Otan. Blaſphemous Lyar!
Artab. Is not our Murders, which you have decreed,
Sufficient, but our honours too muſt bleed?
Prex. Your Lives and Honours muſt no longer ſhine:
But be extinguiſht to make way for mine.
Smerdis muſt be depos'd by me alone,
And then *Prexaſpes* ſteps into his Throne.
That my ambition may arrive to this,
Firſt, I'le take off your Heads; then ſtrike at his.
Otan. Though *Smerdis* be he whom I moſt do hate;
Could I but beg one dayes reprieve of Fate,
I'de be the firſt ſhould thy deſigns betray.
Prex. Ay, Sir, ſo in the other World you may.
Theſe will be pretty ſtories for the dead:
And for that end you firſt ſhall loſe your head.
Strike him. [*The Executioner bows down his Scymitar in ſign of denial.*
What, diſobey'd? or is it blood you fear? [*To the Executioner.*
Since my deſign wants an Interpreter,
And your tame Soul can't conſtrue my intent,
Slave, you ſhall dye, to try th' experiment.
To you, my Lords, this Honour I'le afford,
To fall by me, and this Almighty Sword. [*Draws his Scymitar.*

Stand!

Stand fair. —— Stay, one thing I forgot; I'm told
You leagues of Friendſhip with *Theramnes* hold.
[Darius *hearing* Theramnes's *name ſighs.*
A ſigh I know to ſuch a friend is due:
But be not troubled, he ſhall follow you:
Friends muſt not part. I'de thoughts t' have had him here,
And for your ſakes and mine, I wiſh he were,
That he might ſee this Arm.
[*Advances to ſtrike off* Otanes's *head, at which the Executioner*
(*undiſguiſes himſelf, and appears to be* Theramnes; *at*
(*which the Guards ſeize* Prexaſpes, *and diſarm him,*
(*and unbind* Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban, *and*
(*reſtore their Swords, and bind* Prexaſpes.

The. Thou haſt thy wiſh.
He ſees that Arm, and ſo ſhalt thou feel his.

Prex. Traytors, unhand me; ſlaves, what, do you know
Who 'tis you ſhould obey?

The. ——Yes, Sir, they do, and ſo ſhall you know too.
Your Guards are mine,
And your life, Traytor.

Prex. Curſe on your deſign.
And curſt be all the ſtars that rul'd this day;
That could, or durſt *Prexaſpes*'s life betray.
Am I at once of all my hopes depriv'd?

The. Your greatneſs grew too faſt to be long-liv'd.

Dar. Theramnes living! and preſerv'd to be
The Author of our Lives and Liberty!
What ſudden change does all my thoughts ſurprize?
Or dare I truſt the witneſs of my eyes?
How ſtiff I am, and undiſpos'd to move,
Theſe pleaſant charms unwilling to diſprove.
Like him who Heav'n in a ſoft dream enjoys:
To ſtir and wake, his Paradiſe deſtroys.

Otan. As Ship-wrackt men who on ſome ſhoar are caſt,
Look back upon the dangers they have paſt;
Their horror ſo much of the wrack retains,
They ſcarcely know their ſafety, nor the means.
This miracle of Honour done by you,
Kind Sir, obliges, and confounds us too.

The explication we from you muſt know.
The. To love and friendſhip you your ſafeties owe.
Theramnes could not ſee him fall —— nor I [*Points to* Darius.
Could live to ſee *Orinda's* Father dye.
Hearing that you in Priſon were detain'd,
By my Uſurper, by *Prexaſpes's* hand:
His black intentions rous'd my Soul, alarm'd
My ſleeping Spirits, and my courage arm'd.
I was reſolv'd in ſpight of Fortunes hate,
Either to follow, or prevent your fate.
But being from all other means debar'd,
My onely means was left to win the Guard.
Which their old General with eaſe did ſway;
They had not quite forgot whom to obey.
'Twas by their help I am ſo happy grown,
To ſave your Lives, on which depends my own:
Dar. The greateſt wrack my wond'ring Soul endures,
Is how you have preſerv'd your life, not ours.
The. Know then, when you did of my life deſpair,
And left me to brave *Megabyſes's* care;
That fam'd Phyſitian, whoſe great skill can prop
Mens ſinking frames, and humane ruines ſtop;
His art the pow'r of Deſtiny controuls,
Gives Laws to Nature, and Reprieves to Souls.
When he had by his ſubtle knowledge found
My parting Life ſtill ſtruggled in my wound;
Then what ſtrange skill, what unknown arts he us'd,
What pow'rful balms he to my wounds infus'd;
(Great Miracles are ſtill great myſteries,)
That were too hard to tell; let it ſuffice,
He forc'd my flying Soul to a retreat;
And re-inforc'd my ſenſes in their ſeat.
But then hearing your dangers, I prevail'd,
T'have my death publiſht, and my cure conceal'd;
Till in your Service I a proof could give,
I had done ſomething to deſerve to live.
Dar. You do too much my burden'd Soul o'recharge,
For to bear this I muſt my Soul enlarge.
My joys are but too weighty for my heart.
Artab. To make 'em lighter let us bear a part.

Dar. No, Sir, this is ſo great a happineſs,
Dividing of it cannot make it leſs.
Brave friend. [*Embraces* Theramnes.
Otan. But now I have a cauſe affords
A noble Subject for all Loyal Swords.
The. Name it: for what cannot *Therammes* do,
When he's imploy'd for loyalty, and you?
Prex. Curſes purſue *Therammes*. All is gone.
I'm fallen into a Priſon from a Throne.
And, what's the worſt of miſeries, I ſtill
Keep the deſire, though not the pow'r to kill.
Otan. 'Tis the depoſing *Smerdis*.
The. ——— How! betray
Him who the Scepter, and my Sword does ſway!
Otan. What, an Impoſtor?
The. —— Hold, this muſt not be,
Can you forget what's due to Majeſty?
Were't not from you —— Do not abuſe your friend:
He is my King, and him I muſt defend.
Dar. He whom you ſerve that borrow'd Title wears,
Shame to a Throne, and to the name he bears.
Alas, that Traytor the true *Smerdis* ſlew. [*Points to* Prex.
Prex. Ay, and intended the ſame fate for you.
The. And, what is an Impoſtor then maintain'd
To wear a Crown, and by my guilty hand?
A baſe low Traytor too: and could my Sword
A Sanctuary to his Crimes afford?
But, Sir, can you forgive me this offence?
Otan. Your Sword can your Sword's errours recompenſe.
The. Once more the Executioner's my part:
My Sword ſhall now do Juſtice on his heart.
To right my wrongs I in your cauſe will joyn.
Otan. We cannot fail in ſuch a brave deſign.
Dar. But for this action we muſt be prepar'd
To ſtrike like Thunder, e're the blow be heard.
Otan. But e're I go, I muſt his ſentence give:
Traytor, thy puniſhment ſhall be to live, [*To* Prex.
Thou in this Priſon and theſe Chains ſhalt lye;
I love you not ſo well, to let you dye. [*Exeunt all but* Prexaſpes.

Prex. I ſhould not wiſh my ruine to recall,
Had I but ſunk an Empire in my fall,
And made all *Perſia* in my ruine ſhare:
That when poſterity my deeds ſhould hear,
It ſhould ſuch horror from my name contract,
Trembling to hear what I made ſport to act.
But now muſt calmly dye. Had I but firſt
Like Earthquakes through the trembling World diſperſt,
Shook Natures frames, and all mankind o'rethrown,
I then could dye — not to ſurvive alone.
But now muſt tamely periſh —— well, I ſee
The Gods themſelves act by State-policy.
And therefore ſpightfully my Fate decreed:
'Cauſe if my riſing glories did proceed,
They knew my pow'r to that vaſt height would ſway,
Prexaſpes would have grown more fear'd than they.

[*The Scene ſhuts upon him.*

Scena Secunda. *Scene, the Palace.*

Enter Smerdis, *leading* Phedima.

Smerd. My faith's confounded by my happineſs:
'Tis the height makes the object ſeem the leſs.
Have you this bleſſing really deſign'd? ——
Not, Madam, that I doubt you can be kind:
But he ——
Whoſe happy doom an Oracle has giv'n,
May doubt th' intent, though not the pow'r of Heav'n.

Phed. You urge too much what I've too plain expreſt:
And force my bluſhes to make out the reſt.

Smerd. Pardon my doubt. 'Twas my exceſs of joy
That did my ſenſe of happineſs deſtroy.
This day, fair excellence, prepare to be
Poſſeſſor made, both of my Throne, and Me.
All glories do to Love inferiour prove;
As glories wait on Crowns, ſo Crowns on Love.

[*Proffers to lead her out.*

Phed. But, Sir, to Heav'n I ſolemnly have vow'd,
That till the Gods have their conſents allow'd,
I ne're would yield my love. Whom they deſign,
Muſt take his Title from their Voice, not mine.

Permit me then to execute my Vow,
Firſt, pay my debts to Heav'n, and then to You.
Smerd. To th' Temple then we inſtantly will haſte,
And there I'le hear my happy ſentence paſt.
To their conſents I will the Gods conjure;
What common charms can't do, yours will procure.
And Heav'n that does all leſſer Victims prize,
Can't but accept a Lovers Sacrifice. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Ultima.

The Scene open'd, diſcovers a Temple of the Sun, uncover'd according to the ancient Cuſtome, with an Altar in the middle, bearing two large burning Tapers; and on each ſide a Prieſt ſtanding.

Enter to them Smerdis, *leading* Phedima.

1. *Prieſt.* Hail, King of Kings, third of that Royal name,
Heir to great *Cyrus*'s Empire, and his Fame.
2. *Prieſt.* Hail, mighty Monarch, whoſe high Race begun
From the World's Conqu'rour, and our God the Sun.
Smerd. Summon your God-heads. I demand from Heav'n,
In one Petition, more than e're was giv'n.
I ask not Crowns, thoſe I eſteem leſs dear:
Crowns I can give, —— for I beſtow one here. [*Bowing to* Phed.
1. *Prieſt.* Sir, ſince your greatneſs, and her Beauty is
So near ally'd to their Divinities,
You by ſuch tyes do the Gods friendſhip bind:
Heav'n were unnatural, were it unkind.
Smerd. I then would know if the kind Gods approve
That I ſhould be made happy in that Love
Which they themſelves inſpir'd? If by their voice
They will conſent to this our Royal choice;
I'le ſtore their Altars, and I'le make 'em ſhine
With the moſt glorious of all flames, —— but mine.
All this, and greater things than this I'le do,
With ſuch Magnificence, that Heav'n ſhall know
Who 'tis they have oblig'd.
1. *Prieſt.* —— The pow'rs of Heav'n
Need not theſe bribes: their favour's freely giv'n.

Do

Do but with patience, Mighty Sir, attend,
Untill our Rites, and pow'rful charms we end;
And you ſhall know, how kind their pleaſures are,
When you, great King, are their Petitioner.

You ſubtle Spirits that do fly
Around the Regions of the Sky;
And as a Spy, or as a Gueſt,
Can peirce into the cloſeſt breaſt,
And make diſcoveries of all
Events that in your Circuits fall;
Swift as your own wing'd lightning ſend
Your nimbleſt Herauld to attend
This Royal Pair: that they may know
What Fate Heav'n does their Loves allow.
You who in borrow'd ſhapes appear,
And cheat the eye, but not the ear,
Within this Aiery Circle here, [Waves his wand round.
I do conjure you to appear.

Obey our Charm, as we obey your Pow'rs,
And tell that Monarch's Fate, whoſe Fate tells ours.

A Glorious Spirit deſcends behind the Altar, and ſpeaks.

Spir. *To ſhew how Heav'n does your deſires approve*
Th' immortal Gods in kindneſs to your Love,
Have for your wounded heart this Fate in ſtore,
After this happy day to bleed no more.
For Perſia's *glory their high pow'rs deſign*
Your Love ſhall like theſe ſacred Tapers ſhine. [Points to the Tapers
And to compleat what Heav'n intended has, on the Altar.
Your love and hopes ſhall end in an embrace.
And to your Beauty the juſt Gods ordein [To Phed.
You only for the Perſian *Monarch's Queen.*
Your merits have from Heav'n this favour found,
Your Love and you ſhall both this day be Crown'd.
But what my meſſage has not full expreſt,
Your Fortunes and ſucceſs ſhall ſpeak the reſt. [Aſcends again.

Smerd. Let Heav'n and Fortune keep the reſt in ſtore,
Till my Soul's large enough to wiſh for more.
Now, Madam, I with boldneſs dare declare
When Heav'n is kind, that I preſume you are.
Phed. If 'tis my Fate, that cannot be repeal'd
Which Heav'n has granted, and the Gods have ſeal'd.
Smerd. That our advancing joys may ne're retreat,
Now let our Nuptial tyes our Loves compleat.
[*As* Smerdis *advances, leading* Phedima *towards the Altar,*
(*a ſoft Muſick is heard, ſuppoſ'd, in the Air.*
What pleaſant Muſick's this that charms my ears?
1. *Prieſt.* Some Aiery Conſort from the lower Sphears:
A ſacred Tribute which the Gods do pay,
To add a glory to your Nuptial day.

Here two glorious Spirits deſcend in Clouds, by whom this Song is Sung.

1. Spir. *KIngs from the Gods, and from our Elements*
Derive their greatneſs, and deſcents.
Since they are ſparks of Heav'n
'Tis juſt they have from us this Title giv'n,
To ſhare our pow'r and God-heads too,
As being Heav'ns Deputies of State below.
2. Spir. *No, no, 'tis otherwiſe decreed,*
Heav'ns Councels do more cautiouſly proceed.
Monarchs, as Rivals to the Gods, ſhould find
Heav'n muſt not by State-laws be kind.
The Gods for their own greatneſs ſake,
None but themſelves immortal make.
The glories and the pow'r of Kings,
Are fading things;
Like th' objects of ſoft dreams deſir'd,
Courted, Enjoy'd, and in th' embrace expir'd,
And vaniſht whilſt they are admir'd.
Then Smerdis, Smerdis, Smerdis, *'tis high time to wake.*

[*The Song ended, the Muſick turns into an Alarm, at which a bloody*
(*Cloud interpoſes between the Audience and the Spirits; and*
(*being immediately remov'd, the Ghoſts of* Camby-
(ſes, *and the true* Smerdis *appear.*

Smerd.

Smerd. Ha! *Smerdis*, and *Cambyſes*! whom the one
I of his Title rob'd, t'other his Throne.
But ſure the Gods miſtake 'emſelves, tō think
That *Smerdis* courage can at ſhadows ſhrink.
Are theſe the Tragick Maſquers of the Sky,
Whoſe aiery nothing only cheats the eye?
Let wandring fires and meteors make them ſtray
Who do not know their Guider, nor their way:
But ſuch weak trifles cannot *Smerdis* fright:
Your Gods too late my envy'd greatneſs ſpight.
I have out-done the utmoſt they dare do:
Mock on —— *Smerdis* defies your Gods, and you.
I am above your threats; ſuch empty things
Borrow the form, but I the pow'r of Kings.
No, keep your thin and feigned ſhapes; but know
It was my Treaſon that transform'd you ſo.
And for this Maſque the Gods may thank me for't;
'Twas I gave 'em the Subject for their ſport.

[*Here the Alarm renews, and ſome flaſhes of fire fly croſs the Stage,*
(*and the bloody Cloud interpoſes again, and ſtays; the two Tapers*
(*on the Altar flaſh, and expire; and Treaſon is heard from*
(*within, and a noiſe of Swords.*

What do I hear?

Enter Pataſithes, *amaz'd.*

Pat. Treaſon. We are betray'd.

Smerd. And Heav'n it ſelf too has the Traytor plaid.
Shall my Love *thus like to theſe Tapers ſhine?*
Their light's gone out, and ſo I fear will mine.
Curſe on their Riddles.

[*Treaſon cryed again.*

Pat. Ha! the noiſe comes near:
My fears increaſe.

Smerd. No, 'tis too late to fear.
But oh, that *Smerdis* could his Fate recal,
And Reign but one day longer e're he fall,
To be reveng'd of Heav'n before he dies;
I'de turn their Temples to one Sacrifice.
Thus by our Gods betray'd!
Can there be Treaſon harbour'd in that name?
They're all Impoſtors, greater then I am.

Enter

Enter Theramnes, Otanes, Darius, *and* Artaban, *with their Swords drawn*: Theramnes *making a paſs at* Smerdis, *they each miſſing their paſs, cloſe*; *whilſt they ſtruggle*, Pataſithes *engages with* Otanes; *and whilſt* Darius *and* Artaban *offer to thruſt through* Smerdis, *in* Theramnes's *Arms*, Theramnes *ſpeaks*.

The. Thruſt through us both, rather than miſs his heart.
[Darius *ſtabs* Smerdis, *and* Otanes *kills* Pataſithes.
Dar. Fortune to guide my Sword took friendſhips part.
Smerd. Was this th' embrace in which the Gods intend
My Love and Life ſhould with my Empire end?
T'has reacht my heart. This Fate Heav'n had in ſtore,
That thus my wounded heart ſhould bleed no more. [*Dies.*
Otan. Now, Daughter, you have for your Countries good,
Done what becomes your duty, and your blood. [*To* Phed.
Phed. What I have done, was in a Crown's defence,
And 'twas an act of my Obedience.
Dar. But I this deed an act of love muſt call,
When you're an actor in my Rivals fall. [*To* Phed.
There's wanting yet to th' Triumphs of this day, [*To* Otan.
That you accept the Crown of *Perſia*.
Otan. My Age, and Youth, with different paſſions move,
I am above the charms of Pow'r, or Love.
My thoughts fly higher than t' inherit Thrones:
Not to wear Diadems, but diſpoſe of Crowns.
But ſince my Birth makes me an Empire's Heir,
Thus I accept the Crown, —— to place it here. [*To* Darius.
Dar. Should I accept your birth's and merits due,
I ſhould both injure *Perſia*, and You.
No, my ambition, Sir, ſhall never climb
Where the acceptance of a Throne's a crime.
Otan. Since you ſo nobly do refuſe a Crown,
I will this Title of a Monarch own:
I, as your King, this ſecond proffer make,
On your Allegiance, wear it for my ſake.
Dar. No, Sir, my honour pleads in my defence,
I ſhould be guilty in Obedience.
Otan. Since you at this command refuſe a Throne,
Thus I command —— take it as my Son. [*Gives him* Phed.

Enter

Enter Orinda, *and Ladies.*

Dar. In this, my Lord, you do new charms infuſe,
Love makes me take what Honour did excuſe:
In this you give more then a Crown: I dare
Accept an Empire, to divide it here. [*Bows to* Phed.

Omnes. Long live Darius, *King of* Perſia.

[*Here the two Tapers on the Altar light again by two*
(*flaſhes of fire, which deſcend and kindle them.*

2. *Prieſt.* This omen Heav'n does to your Empire ſhew,
That light expir'd with him revives with you.
Thus glorioufly the ſacred Tapers ſhone
That day when *Cyrus* did aſcend the Throne.

1. *Prieſt.* But e're we Crown you King, 'tis juſt you knew
Our Laws are ſacred next our Gods, and you;
Laws, which by Monarchs too muſt be obey'd,
And in their right I now am bound to plead.
'Tis written, Sir, in *Perſia*'s ſtrict decrees,
If any *Perſian* King by Treaſon dies,
That day his Heir does his High Seat ſupply,
His Predeceſſors Murderer muſt die.
You therefore in *Cambyſes*'s cauſe are bound
To act his juſtice firſt, and then be Crown'd.

Dar. Ye Gods, that do to Kings this charge entruſt,
You make us cruel when you make us juſt.
Bring in the Captive Princeſs.

Phed. ——— What new Scene
Is th[illegible] that muſt your juſtice entertain?

Dar. An object, that had but her Soul conform'd
To that perfection which her eyes adorn'd;
Her vertues glorious as her Beauty ſhown,
Madam, ſhe, like your ſelf, deſerv'd a Throne.
But ſince *Cambyſes*'s blood by her was ſpilt,
She by her own muſt expiate her guilt.
Juſtice and War in this alike partake,
The bloodieſt ſpoils the greateſt Triumphs make.

Enter the ſuppos'd Mandana, *in a Morning Habit, with a black Veil over her face, attended by Guards and Executioner.*

Had we not ow'd that blood unto your hand,
Which does my Sentence, and your Death demand,
You ſhould not thus, but a more Noble way
Have made a part i'th' Triumphs of this day:
I then a milder juſtice would have ſhewn,
Not took your Life, but have reſtor'd your Crown.
I'm ſorry then I'm ſo ill taught by you,
By your Example to be cruel too.
Yet, pardon me, that ſentence I muſt give,
Which I want pow'r, not pity, to reprieve.

1. *Prieſt.* Her Sentence, Sir, is but too long deferr'd.

Dar. Then Executioner ——

Phed. —— Hold, till I'm heard,
Darius, I my duty ſhould betray,
Not to ſhew pity where ſo much you pay.
Know then, I am your Rival, and dare own
A ſhare in this as well as in your Throne.
Princeſs, your Birth and Fortune merits more [*To* Mand.
Than ev'ry common pity can deplore.
Heav'n to the Great this cruel Fortune gives;
The Gods have made you prodigal of your Lives
To rob Mankind.

Enter Mandana, *lead in by Guards, and Attendants.*

Mand. —— At your command I come
T' attend your Sentence, and embrace your doom.

1. *Guards.* I was by that Impoſtor brib'd, but loath [*Points to the*
To violate my truſt, I brought 'em both. (*other.*

Dar. Your Fate is in ſuch Myſteries involv'd,
That Riddle, e're you die, muſt be reſolv'd. *Points to the other.*

Mand. What Friend or Raviſher robs me of my doom,
Borrowing my likeneſs to Uſurp my Tomb;
To ſave my Life, and Sacrifice their own;
Though Love may Rivals have, ſure Death has none.

Death

Death has no charms, or only charms to me;
Cauſe dying, I ſhall viſit Heav'n, and Thee,
My dear *Oſiris*.

Oſir. No he waits you here.

[*Undiſguiſing himſelf, and ſlinging off the Veil.*

Oſiris, Madam, has not left your ſphear.

Mand. *Oſiris*'s Soul, and come to wait on mine!
Heav'n to our Lovers this kindneſs does reſign.
Oh, my dear Saint, ſtay but till I am dead,
And from theſe Earthly Chains of Nature freed;
And then my Soul ſhall go along with thine,
Whilſt we in Aiery ſoft embraces twine.
We'le like a mounting whirlwind upward move;
We'le fly in Circles in the Arms of Love.
There the kind Gods ſhall to our breaſts inſpire
Such ſparks of Heav'n, ſuch new and glorious fire,
That to that height we will our loves repair,
Till our kind flames ſhall kindle to a Star.
Now, Exeeutioner.

Oſir. —— Hold, you miſtake,
Oſiris lives; and had Heav'n for his ſake
And yours been kind, he'd liv'd t' have dy'd for you.

Mand. *Oſiris* lives! Oh, then, might I live too.

Oſir. Know then, that when you ſaw me laſt, when I
Was by *Cambyſes*'s rage condemn'd to dye:
It was the Tyrant's Fortune to prefer
Lord *Artaban* to be my murderer.
But he ——
Pitying my Youth, and ſomething which he read
Did in my looks for his compaſſion plead,
In a compliance to the Tyrant's breath,
Diſguis'd me in a borrow'd Mask of Death:
And thence till now my Perſon did ſecure,
To free me from the Tyrant's eye, and pow'r.

Mand. Which does the greater wonder ſeem, to ſee
Oſiris live, or come to dye for me?

Oſir. You need not wonder, ſince you know the cauſe,
Love has a pow'r above all Nature's Laws.

Dying for you I ſhould ſo happy prove,
T'have done a deed worthy my ſelf, and love.
To ſhew your friendſhip, let my princeſs live. [*To* Darius.

Dar. Oh, now you ask what I want pow'r to give.

1. *Prieſt.* The *Perſian* Laws, like to their God, the Sun,
In one unalterable courſe muſt run.
And ſhe muſt die, nor muſt you favour ſhew,
Becauſe our Gods and Laws will have it ſo.

Oſir. If Heav'n delights in humane Sacrifice,
May not my Death thoſe cruel Gods ſuffice?
To ſave her Life, on me that Grace confer,
To fall a Sacrifice to Heav'n, and her.

Mand. Hold, Sir, your zeal your raſhneſs does declare;
Lovers in all things but in Death may ſhare.
Know then, kind Rival, that 'tis only I,
Mandana in *Mandana*'s cauſe muſt die.

The. Mandana! [*Runs to her.*
To ſee you, Madam, I muſt bleſs my eyes:
But I muſt curſe 'em when I ſee ſhe dies. [*Aſide.*

Mand. Prince *Intaphernes*, what ſtrange ſtars have ſent
You here to ſee that Fate you can't prevent?

The. I do conjure you ſpare this Princeſs's blood, [*Kneels to* Dar.
By all's that friendſhip, all's that great, and good.

Dar. Theramnes, riſe. —— New wonders you create.

The. 'Tis Nature's ties makes me her Advocate.

2. *Prieſt.* You need no arguments to plead her cauſe,
For ſhe muſt die to ſatisfie our Laws.

The. If then your Laws ſuch cruelty exact,
To ſave her life, I'le juſtifie the Fact. [*To the Prieſts.*
Oh, Sir, you muſt her life reprieve; you know [*To* Dar.
That to her hand you do your Scepter owe.

Dar. I from *Cambyſes*'s Death my Crown derive;
Not from her guilt that did his Death contrive.
Come then, *Theramnes*, plead her cauſe no more,
I want not friendſhip, but I want the pow'r
To ſave her life, though for *Theramnes*'s ſake;
Yet 'tis our Laws, not I, that life will take.
Our Laws which do this cruelty enjoyn,
I cannot ſave her life for him who gave me mine.

Now,

Now, Executioner —— But hold —— I ſee
No kings of *Perſia* from her pow'r are free.
She murder'd him, and now ſhe conquers me.
My pity tells me that ſhe muſt not dye.
Mand. Sir, your delays are but your cruelty.
And ſince my Death is by your Laws deſign'd,
A ſpeedy juſtice, Sir, is only kind.
Oſir. Hold, Sir, I'le interpoſe 'twixt her, and Death:
And in my Breaſt the Fatal weapon ſheath.
Mand. 'Tis I muſt die. You do your Princeſs wrong:
Live, though I die, —— but do not live too long.
For, dying, I to Heav'n a ſtranger go,
Wand'ring alone, whilſt you ſtay here below.
And wanting your kind preſence, I ſhall be
A Pilgrim in that vaſt Eternity.
But that my Soul may not miſtake her way,
I'le track your ſteps, and in your ſhadow play.
When I'm reſolv'd to air, a ſubtile Gueſt
I'le hov'ring fly, and ſteal into your Breaſt.
And in my aiery Pilgrimage I'le make
Mandana's Soul part of that breath you take.
I'le keep my Image in your Breaſt entire,
Inſpiring you with chaſte and lambent fire.
Sometimes I will with gentle whiſpers flow,
Sometimes I will a ſtormy murmur blow.
And in this Language my addreſſes make,
Breathing that Love which I want words to ſpeak.
Oſir. O cruel Princeſs, now you are unkind,
To think, when you are dead, I'le ſtay behind.
For when *Oſiris* ſees *Mandana* die,
Sorrow will act that which their hands deny.
Mand. My thoughts were fixt on Heav'n: but, for your ſake,
Something, I know not what, does pluck 'm back,
And I could wiſh to live.
1. *Prieſt.* —— Our Laws you wrong,
In the deferring of her Death thus long.
Dar. Since Lives and Laws depend upon my breath,
He meets his own, that does but name her Death.

1. *Prieſt.*

1. *Prieſt.* Great Sir, you do forget that Crown you wear.
Dar. 'Tis true, I do: and Scepters ſacred are.
Act you my part, whilſt I avert my eyes.
My pity ſhall pay homage when ſhe dies;
And ſince ſhe ſuffers for my Empire's ſake,
A Monarch's tears
Part of that Royal Sacrifice ſhall make.
Prieſt. Now, Executioner ———

Enter Prexaſpes, *lead in by* Guards.

Prex. ——— Hold, Sir, till I
Will give you leave to ſtrike, and her to dye.
1. *Guard.* He from the Priſon an eſcape has wrought,
But we ſurpriz'd him in his flight, and brought
Him here before you.
Prex. Think you a Priſon could my pow'r controul,
When Empire was too narrow for my Soul?
I from your Chains, Sir, have my ſelf ſet free.
To tell you, you aſcend your Throne by me.
But be not proud, nor think *Prexaſpes* has
On you alone confer'd his Acts of grace.
To ſhew the World that I am complaiſant,
Her Life I as my gracious favour grant. [*Points to* Mand.
For it ſhall ne're be ſaid, a Woman's Name
Uſurpt *Prexaſpes*'s Treaſons, or his Fame.
A Woman ſhall not my great Rival be;
The Fate of Kings only belongs to me.
Cambyſes, *Amaſis*, and *Smerdis*, all
Thoſe Pageant Princes by my hand did fall.
And had not Fortune my Ambition croſt,
You had your Lives too with your Empire loſt.
'Tis true, your Laws require my blood, but know
I'le rob you of the Honour of that blow.
High Spirits have this Refuge, Sir, and I,
My greatneſs and my pow'r expir'd, can dye.
But he who did the Fate of Kings command,
Does ſcorn to fall by any common hand.

Since

Since my Life was unactive, Fame ſhall tell
Not how *Prexaſpes* liv'd, but how he fell. [*Draws his Dagger.*
Thus he your greatneſs, and your pow'r defies:
And thus *Prexaſpes* by *Prexaſpes* dies. [*Stabs himſelf, and falls.*
Dar. Thus may all Traytors fall.
Prex. —— Ye, Gods, I come;
For ſince the World could not afford me room:
Since all the barren Fates could not ſupply
My hand with blood, I'le mount into the *Sky*,
And hang a blazing Comet in the Air:
That thus the World me when I'm dead may fear;
Whilſt o're the Earth new horrours I contract,
Still threatning, what I cannot live to act. [*Dyes.*
Dar. This mighty work of Fate we muſt admire,
Thus the Gods guard thoſe Vertues they inſpire.
His blood thus ſpilt has this kind juſtice done,
It ſaves your Life, and puniſhes his own. [*To* Mand.
Thus bruiſed Scorpions this Vertue have,
They yield a Cure to the ſame wounds they gave.
But whence, Sir, does your ſtrange Alliance ſpring?
The. Sir, I was Son to the late *Syrian* King;
Brother to the brave *Amaſis*. My name
Is *Intaphernes*.
Dar. —— I have heard his Fame
What cauſe, Sir, was it, and what happy chance,
That made you to the *Perſian* Court advance?
Int. It was, great Sir, Revenge, and Honours Charms:
My ill ſucceſs againſt *Cambyſes*'s Arms
I'th' *Syrian* Wars, where my dear Father's blood
Was ſpilt, and mixt among the common flood.
My Army vanquiſht, and his Empire loſt,
And all the hopes of my ſucceſſion croſt,
I ſaw *Cambyſes* with my Lawrels Crown'd.
No other means for my Revenge being found,
I came to *Perſia* in a borrow'd name,
To right my wrongs, and to repair my fame.
With *Pataſithes* I Alliance gain'd,
Who had the *Perſian* Government obtain'd,

During

During *Cambyſes*'s Travels. Him I won
To place *Cambyſes*'s Brother in the Throne.
He in compliance the deſign embrac'd,
But in the Throne he his own Kinſman plac'd,
Who in that borrow'd name to th' Empire climbs,
Making my Sword a Patron to his crimes.
And by that cheat abus'd the World, and me,
Deluding both our Faiths and Loyalty.
Dar. Since Laws of Monarchy ſo rigid are,
That in my Throne my friend's forbid to ſhare:
Accept an Empire in my Breaſt —— and here; [*Gives him* Orinda.
And may our Royal Siſter in your love,
As happy as I in your friendſhip prove.
Otan. Your worth, brave *Intaphernes*, makes her yours.
Int. Madam ——
Orind. Obedience my conſent procures.
Yet though a Father, and a Brother too,
Have both beſtow'd me as a gift on you;
I in that gift muſt grant the nobler part;
They give *Orinda*, I *Orinda's* heart.
Int. Yours in a Crown, in Love's my happineſs;
Mine may be lower, Sir, than yours, not leſs. [*To* Darius.
Dar. The *Syrians* Lawrels now ſhall fade no more:
Your Merits do your Raviſht Crown reſtore. [*To* Int.
And for ——
Thoſe wrongs *Cambyſes* has to *Egypt* done,
I give 'em back more than his Arms e're won.
Your ſelf I to your Throne reſtore. Thus Fate [*To* Mand.
Ordains that glory ſhould on Beauty wait.
Oſir. Do you remember now your vows, and love?
Mand. Love, of all Crimes, cannot forgetful prove.
Since thus my calmer Fates reſtore my Crown,
Now the Gods ſmile, *Mandana* cannot frown.
Honour and Love now both perform their part,
I give an Empire where I give a heart.
Otan. Though for your ſake I do a Throne diſdain,
Yet my Poſterity with yours ſhall Reign. [*To* Darius.
And in your Heirs your blood ſhall mix with mine:
As divers Fountains in one Current joyn.

This

This to my Fame the only glory brings,
Not to wear Crowns, but have a Race of Kings.
Dar: And this my only glory I must own,
Adopted to your blood, and to a Throne.
All that I am, your Beauty rais'd me to:
I to a Crown aspire to merit you. [*To* Phed.
Thus to a Throne no common wayes I move;
Others rise by Ambition, I by Love. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

L EPILOGUE.

Dev. H C 33

EPILOGUE.

THE Persian *Laws now cease to seem severe;*
You have more cruel Laws that govern here.
Your undisputed pow'r, who judges sit
To Sentence all the trespasses of Wit.
How can our Author then his doom recall?
He knows he must under your justice fall;
Being guilty of so capital a Crime,
As shedding so much humane Blood in Rhime.
Amongst you Wits such monstrous factions rage,
Such various censures, that 'tis thought the Stage
Breeds more Opinions, and produces far
More Heresies than the late Civil War.

Nay, Poets too themselves, of late, they say,
The greatest Hectors are that e're huff'd Play.
Like th' issue of the Dragons teeth, one Brother
In a Poetick fury falls on t'other.
'Tis thought you'l grow to that excess of Rage,
That Ben *had need come guarded on the Stage.*
Nay, you have found a most compendious way
Of Damning, now, before you see the Play.
But mang're all your spight, Poets of late
Stand stoutly unconcern'd at their Plays Fate;
Provided, 'tis their destiny to gain,
Like the fam'd Royal Slave, a third days Reign.
Then sacrifice 'em as you please ——
But if you'l be so prodigal to give
Our sawcy Scribler a three days reprieve,
He impudently swears he'l boldly sue,
When your hand's in, to beg your pardon too.
If this, his first, but prosperously hit,
And 'scape those Rocks where he sees others split;
He vows he'l write once more, only to shew
What your kind favour's influence may do.
Faith, for once grant it, that the World may say,
Your smiles have been the Authors of a Play.

FINIS.

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